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Henry VI, Part 2

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HENRY VI.—Parts I., II., and III.

Preface.

First Editions. (I.) *The First Part of Henry the Sixth* was in all probability printed for the first time in the First Folio. On November 8th, 1623, Blount & Jaggard entered, among other copies of Shakespeare's works "not formerly entered to other men," "the Thirde Parte of Henry the Sixt," by which term they evidently referred to the play which, chronologically considered, precedes the Second and Third Parts.

The opening lines of the play are sufficient to render it well-nigh certain that 1 *Henry VI.* is not wholly Shakespeare's;* and there can be little doubt that "the hand of the Great Master is only occasionally perceptible" therein. Probably we have here an inferior production by some unknown dramatist,† writing about 1589, to which Shakespeare made important "additions" in the year 1591; to him may safely be assigned the greater part of Act IV. ii.-vii., especially the Talbot episodes (Scene vii., in spite of its rhyme, has the Shakespearian note, and is noteworthy from the point of view of literary history); the wooing of Margaret by Suffolk (V. iii.) has, too, some-

* *Cp.* Coleridge, "If you do not feel the impossibility of [these lines] having been written by Shakespeare, all I dare suggest is, that you may have ears,—for so has another animal,—but an ear you can not have, *me judice.*"

† Dr. Furnivall sees at least four hands in the play; Mr. Fleay assigns it to Peele, Marlowe, Lodge or Nash, and Shakespeare. The attempt to determine the authorship is futile, owing to the absence of all evidence on the point.

thing of Shakespeare's touch; finally, there is the Temple Garden scene (II. iv.), which is certainly Shakespeare's, though, judged by metrical peculiarities, it may well have been added some years after 1591. We may be sure that at no time in his career could he have been guilty of the crude and vulgar presentment of Joan of Arc in the latter part of the play.

(II.) *The Second and Third Parts of Henry the Sixth,* forming together a two-section play, have come down to us in two versions:—(*a*) The Folio version, authorized by Shakespeare's editors; (*b*) a carelessly printed early Quarto version, differing in many important respects from (*a*); about 3240 lines in the Quarto edition appear either in the same or an altered form in the Folio edition, while about 2740 lines in the latter are entirely new.* The title-pages of the first Quartos, corresponding to Parts I. and II. respectively, are as follows:—(i.) "The First part of the Con | tention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke | and Lancaster, with the death of the good | Duke Humphrey | And the banishment and death of the Duke of | Suffolk, and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall | of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion | of *Iacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorke's first claime vnto the* | *Crowne.* LONDON. Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, | and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peter's | Church in Cornwall. 1594.† [Quarto 1.] (ii.) "The | true Tragedie of Richard | *Duke of Yorke, and the death of* | good King Henrie the Sixt, | *with the whole contention betweene* | the two Houses Lancaster | and Yorke, as it was sundrie times | acted by the Right Honoura | ble the Earle of Pembrooke his Seruants. | Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Milling- | *ton, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder* | *Saint* Peter's Church in |

* "Out of 3075 lines in Part II., there are 1715 new lines and some 840 altered lines (many but very slightly altered), and some 520 old lines. In Part III., out of 2902 lines, there are about 1021 new lines, about 871 altered lines, and above 1010 old lines.

† Entered in the Stationers' Register, March 12th, 1593.

Cornwal, 1595." [Quarto 1.] Second editions of both (i.) and (ii.) appeared in 1600, and in 1619 a third edition of the two plays together:—"The | Whole Contention | betweene the two Famous | Houses, LANCASTER and | YORKE. | *With the Tragicall ends of the good Duke* Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, *and King Henrie the Sixt.* Divided into two Parts: and newly corrected and enlarged. Written by *William Shakespeare,* Gent. | Printed at LONDON, for T.P." [Quarto 3.]

(Both the First and Third Quartos have been reproduced by photolithography in the series of Quarto Facsimiles issued under the superintendence of Dr. Furnivall; Nos. 23, 24, 37, 38.) In the comparison of Quartos 1 and 3 one finds that the corrections are principally in Part I.; in Part II. the alterations are almost all of single words; taken altogether, however, the changes are slight, and are such "as may have been made by a Reviser who heard the Folio Play (*2 Henry VI.*) with a copy of Quarto 1 or Quarto 2 in his hand, or who had a chance of taking a note or two from the Burbage-play-house copy, and then made further corrections at home." At all events, Quarto 3 is a more correct copy of the older form of *2, 3 Henry VI.* than we have in Quarto 1, though its superiority does not bring it much nearer to the Folio version.*

The Relation of the Quartos to 2 and 3 Henry VI. The most cursory glance at the Quartos is enough to convince one that scant justice has been done to the author of the plays, and that the printers of the Quartos must have had very careless copy before them. Probably many errors may be referred to the indifferent reporters employed by the pirate publisher.

'Some by stenography drew
The plot, put it in print, scarce one word true';

* A condensed version of the three parts of *Henry VI.*, in one play, was prepared by Charles Kemble, and has recently been printed for the first time in the *Irving Shakespeare* from the unique copy in Mr. Irving's possession.

so complained Thomas Heywood of the treatment to which one of his productions had been subjected; he complained, too, that "plays were copied only by the ear," "publisht in savage and ragged ornaments." But this probable cause of much corruption in *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy* will not account for (*a*) the inherent weakness of a great part of both plays; (*b*) the un-Shakespearian character of many important passages and whole scenes. On the other hand, many of these latter passages are to be found (it is true, often in an improved form) in *the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.*, as printed in the Folio. Hence arises the most complex of Shakespearian problems, and scholars are divided on the question; their views may be grouped under four heads, according as it is maintained (1) that Shakespeare was the author of the four plays;* (2) that Shakespeare was merely the reviser, retaining portions of his predecessor's work, altering portions, and adding passages of his own;† (3) that the portions common to the old plays, and *2, 3 Henry VI.*, were Shakespeare's contribution to the original dramas (by Marlowe, Greene, Shakespeare, and, perhaps, Peele);‡ (4) that Marlowe, Greene, and, perhaps, Peele, were the authors of the old plays, while Shakespeare and Marlowe were the revisers, working as collaborators. The fourth view has been strenuously maintained in an elaborate study of the subject, contributed to the Transactions of the New Shakespeare Society,§ where the Marlowan passages in the Quartos are definitely attributed to Marlowe, the Greenish to Greene, and others to Peele, while the Marlowan lines which occur for the first time in *2, 3 Henry VI.* are accounted for by assu-

* *Cp.* Knight's Essay on the subject in *The Pictorial Shakespeare.*

† Malone, *Variorum Shakespeare,* 1821, Vol. XVIII.

‡ R. Grant White, *Shakespeare,* Vol. VII. *Cp.* Halliwell, *First Sketches of 2 and 3 Henry VI.*; *Sh. Soc. Reprints,* 1843; Swinburne, *Study of Shakespeare*; etc.

§ Miss Jane Lee, *New Shak. Soc.,* 1876.

ming that Marlowe and Shakespeare jointly revised the older plays; so that in some cases we have Shakespeare revising the work of Marlowe and Greene, at others Shakespeare and Marlowe revising the works of Greene.*

It is undoubtedly true that many passages in *The Contention* and *The True Tragedie* are reminiscent of Marlowe and Greene, and that such a passage as *2 Henry VI.* Act IV. i. 1-11, which occurs for the first time in the Folio, is also strongly Marlowan in character, but this and similar rhetorical sketches may very well have been in existence before 1594, being omitted from the acting version of the play, and hence not found in *The Contention.* Again,

* Miss Lee's conjectural table of Shakespeare's and Marlowe's shares in *2, 3 Henry VI.* is none the less of value, as indicating the doubtful elements of the plays, though one may not accept her final conclusions. It is here printed as simplified by Prof. Dowden (Shakespeare Primer, p. 76; *Cp. Shak. Soc. Trans.*, 1876, pp. 293-303). "The table shows in detail how the revision was effected. Thus "Act I. Sc. i. S., *M. and G.*" means that in this scene Shakespeare was revising the work of Marlowe and Greene; "Act IV. Sc. x. S. and M., *G.*" means that here Shakespeare and Marlowe were revising the work of Greene.

Henry VI. Part II.—Act I. Sc. i. S., *M. and G.*; Sc. ii. S., *G.*; Sc. iii. S., *G. and M.*; Sc. iv. S., *G.* Act II. Sc. i. S., *G.*; Sc. ii. S., *M.* and (?) *G.*; Sc. iii. S. and (?) M., *G.*; Sc. iv. S., *G.* Act III. Sc. i. S. and (?) M., *M. and G.*; Sc. ii. S. and M., *M. and G.*; Sc. iii. S., *M.* Act. IV. Sc. i. M., *G.*; Sc. ii., iii., iv., S., *G.*; Sc. v. unrevised, *G.*; Sc. vi., vii., viii., ix. S., *G.*; Sc. x. S. and M., *G.* Act V. Sc. i. M. and S., *M. and* (?) *G.*; Sc. ii. M. and S., *G. and M.*; Sc. iii. S., *G. and M.*

Henry VI. Part III.—Act. I. Sc. i. S., *M.*; Sc. ii. M., *M.*; Sc. iii. unrevised, *M.*; Sc. iv. S., *M. and* (?) *G.* Act II. Sc. i. M. and (?) S., *M. and* (?) *G.*; Sc. ii. (?) M., *M., G., and* (?) *P.*; Sc. iii. S. and M., *M.*; Sc. iv. M., *G.*; Sc. v. S. and (?) M., *G.*; Sc. vi. M., *M. and G.* Act III. Sc. i. S., *G.*; Sc. ii., S., *G. and* (?) *M.*; Sc. iii. (?) M., *G. and* (?) *P.* Act IV. Sc. i. S., *G.*; Sc. ii. M., *M.*; Sc. iii. S., *M.*; Sc. iv. S., *G.*; Sc. v. S., (?) *G.*; Sc. vi., vii., S., *G.*; Sc. viii. S., (?). Act V. Sc. i. M., *G. and* (?) *P.*; Sc. ii. S., *M. and G.*; Sc. iii. M., *G.*; Sc. iv. S., *G. and* (?) *P.*; Sc. v., vi. S., *M.*; Sc. vii. unrevised, *G.*"

the famous Jack Cade scene (Act IV. ii.) is common to the Quarto and Folio; according to this fourth view it must be attributed to Greene, but there is nothing in the whole of his extant plays to justify the ascription. The most striking speech in the whole of 2 and 3, *Henry VI.*—viz., York's "*She-wolf of France but worse than wolves of France,*" is to be found *verbatim* in the older Quartos. That Marlowe was capable of this and of higher efforts none will deny, but there is in the speech, high-sounding as it is, a certain restraint and sanity, an absence of lyrical effect, which would make one hesitate before assigning it to Marlowe, even if external evidence told in favour of, and not against, his authorship. Weighing carefully all the evidence, one is inclined to see in the Quartos of 1594-5, a garbled shorthand edition of an acting version, popular at the time, perhaps chiefly by reason of Shakespeare's 'additions' to earlier plays, previously unsuccessful, possibly the work of Marlowe and Greene, or of some clever disciple; the correct copy of this pirated edition may have served as basis for the revised version which Shakespeare subsequently prepared, though he did not in this instance attempt a thorough recast of his materials: the comparatively few important 'additions' which appear in the Folio version, and only there, may be (i.) Shakespeare's contributions to the older plays before 1594; or (ii.) the work of the original author or authors, omitted from the acting version; or (iii.) new matter added by Shakespeare any time between 1594 and 1600 (*e.g.* 3 *Henry VI.*, v., ll. 1-50).*

Date of Composition. (1.) There is no mention of *Henry VI.* in Meres famous list in *Palladis Tamia* (1598), although reference is there made to so doubtful a produc-

* The Cambridge editors put the matter cautiously:—"We cannot agree with Malone on the one hand, that they (the old plays) contain nothing of Shakespeare's, nor with Mr. Knight on the other, that they are entirely his work; there are so many internal proofs of his having had considerable share in their composition."

dion as *Titus Andronicus*; the omission must have been due to the vexed question of authorship, and not to any want of popularity on the part of the plays: as early as 1592 Nash in his "*Pierce Penniless*" referred to the enthusiasm of Elizabethan playgoers for the Talbot scenes: —"*How would it have joyed brave Talbot, the terror of the French, to think that after he had been two hundred years in his tomb he should triumph again on the stage, and have his bones embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators (at least at several times), who, in the tragedian that represents his person, behold him fresh bleeding.*" There can be little doubt that 1 *Henry VI.* is here referred to, and especially the Shakespearian contributions to the play. According to Henslowe's Diary '*Henry* (or *Hary, Harey,* etc.) *the Sixth*' was performed as a new play in March 1591; the repeated entries in 1592 fully bear out Nash's eulogy. If, as seems very probable, Henslowe's "*Henry VI.*" is identical with 1 *Henry VI.*, we have the actual date of Shakespeare's additions to an old and crude 'chronicle drama,' the property of Lord Strange's Company.*

(II.) To the same year as Nash's "*Pierce Penniless*" belongs Greene's posthumous tract '*The Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance.*'† At the end of the pamphlet, published by Chettle before Dec. 1592, occurs the famous address 'To those gentlemen his quondam acquaintance,' etc.‡ The three playmakers to whom his remarks are directed have been identified as (1) Christopher Marlowe, (2) Thomas Nash (or possibly Lodge), and (3) George Peele. The point of the whole passage is its attack on players in general, and on one player in particular, who was usurping the playwright's

* Shakespeare in all probability belonged to this Company; in 1594 it was merged into the Lord Chamberlain's (*vide* Halliwell's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*).

† *Cp. Shakspere Allusion-Books,* Part I. Edited by C. M. Ingleby for *The New Shakespeare Society* (1874).

‡ *Vide* quotation at the end of this Preface.

province.* The words '*tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide*' parody the line '*O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide,*' which is to be found in both *The True Tragedy* and 3 *Henry VI.* (I. iv. 137). Some critics are of opinion that Greene's allusion does not necessarily imply Shakespeare's authorship of the passage in which the line occurs; this view, however, seems untenable, judging by the manner in which the quotation is introduced. Nevertheless the passage may perhaps show (i.) that Greene himself had some share in *The Contention*; (ii.) that Marlowe had likewise a share in it; (iii.) that Greene and Shakespeare could not have worked together; and (iv.) that Marlowe and Shakespeare may have worked together. One thing, however, it conclusively proves—viz., Shakespeare's connexion with these plays before 1592. Furthermore, in December of the same year, Chettle apologised for the publication of Greene's attack on Shakespeare:—"Myselfe have seene his demeanour no lesse civill, than he exelent in the qualitie he professes; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of daling," etc.* It is not likely that the subject of this eulogy could have been a notorious plagiarist;† if, as some

* Nash, in his *"Apologie for Pierce Penniless,"* tells us that Greene was "chief agent" of Lord Pembroke's Company, "for he wrote more than four other." It is significant that the title-page of Quarto 1 of "The True Tragedie" expressly states that the play had been acted by this Company.

† Chettle's *'Kind-Heart's Dream.'*

‡ One does not deny that Greene may possibly have given Shakespeare 'the ground' of these plays, as later on he gave him the stuff for his *Winter's Tale.* "R. B. *Gent.*" has the following significant verse in a volume entitled *Greene's Funeralls* (preserved in the Bodleain Library):—

"Greene is the pleasing object of an eye;
Greene pleased the eyes of all that looked upon him;
Greene is the ground of every painter's die;
Greene gave the ground to all that wrote upon him;
Nay more, the men that so eclipst his fame,
Purloined his plumes; can they deny the same?"

maintain, no line in the Quartos can justly be attributed to Shakespeare, he would perhaps have merited Greene's rancour. But "*it is not so, and it was not so, and God forbid that it should be so!*"

(III.) In 1599 Shakespeare concluded his Epilogue to *Henry V.* with the following lines:—

> "Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crowned King
> Of France and England, did this King succeed;
> Whose state so many had the managing,
> That they lost France and made his England bleed:
> *Which oft our stage hath shown:* and, *for their sake,*
> In your fair minds let this acceptance take."

From these words we may infer (i.) that 1 *Henry VI.* preceded *Henry V.*; (ii.) that probably the *Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.* are also referred to; (iii.) that Shakespeare claimed in some degree these plays as his own.

(IV.) Finally, the intimate connexion of 2, 3 *Henry VI.* (and *The Contention* and *The True Tragedie*) with the play of *Richard III.*, throws valuable light on the date of composition, and confirms the external and internal evidence for assigning Shakespeare's main contributions to these plays to the year 1591-2, or thereabouts (*Cp. Preface to 'Richard the Third'*).

Sources of the Plot. The materials for 1, 2, 3 *Henry VI.*, were mainly derived from (i.) Holinshed's *Chronicles,* and (ii.) Hall's *Chronicle*; the account of the civil wars in the former work is merely an abridgement of the latter; the author's attention would therefore, naturally, be directed to the chief history of the period covered by the plays [*cp.* title-page of the first edition, 1548:—"The Union of the two noble and illustre Famelies of Lancastre and Yorke, being long in continual discension for the croune of this noble realme, with all the actes done in bothe the tymes of the princes, bothe of the one linage and of the other, beginnyng at the tyme of Kyng Henry the

fowerth, the first Author of this division, and so successively proceadyng to the reigne of the high and prudent prince Kyng Henry the eighth, vndubitate flower and very heire of both the sayd linages"].* Although in no part of *Henry VI.* is Holinshed's *Chronicles* followed "with that particularity which we have in Shakespeare's later historical plays," it is noteworthy that it is the primary source of *Part I.,* the secondary of *Parts II. and III.* (On the historical aspect of the plays, *cp. Commentaries on the Historical Plays of Shakespeare,* Courtenay; Warner's *English History in Shakespeare.*)

Duration of Action. The time of the *First Part* is eight days, with intervals; the *Second Part* covers fourteen days, represented on the stage, with intervals suggesting a period in all of, at the outside, a couple of years; in the *Third Part* twenty days are represented; the whole period is about twelve months.

Historic Time. *Part I.* deals with the period from "the death of Henry V., 31st August, 1422, to the treaty of marriage between Henry VI. and Margaret, end of 1444." *Part II.* covers about ten years, from April 22nd, 1445, to May 23rd, 1455. *Part III.* commences "on the day of the battle of St. Albans, 23rd May, 1455, and ends on the day on which Henry VI.'s body was exposed in St. Paul's, 22nd May, 1471. Queen Margaret, however, was not ransomed and sent to France till 1475." (*Cp.* Daniel's "Time Analysis," *New Shak. Soc.,* 1877-79.)

* Knight points out an excellent instance of Hall's influence, as compared with Holinshed's; in the latter's narrative of the interview between Talbot and his son, before they both fell at the battle of Chatillon, we have no dialogue, but simply, 'Many words he used to persuade him to have saved his life.' In Hall we have the very words which the Poet has paraphrased.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. The martial Henry V., conqueror of France, dies in the culmination of his glory, leaving to his son, Henry VI., the two sceptres of England and France. But the young monarch, still in his minority, is surrounded by warring nobles who lose sight of their country's foreign interests in private broils. The French seize upon this moment of English weakness to retake many of their cities; and the Dauphin receives unexpected aid from a shepherd's daughter, Joan la Pucelle, better known as Joan of Arc, who first assists him to raise the siege of Orleans, notwithstanding the valiant resistance of the English general, Talbot.

II. While the French celebrate their victory with feasting in Orleans, the English plan an attack, and by a sudden night sortie retake the city.

In England, meanwhile, the violent feuds of Richard Plantagenet, afterwards Duke of York, and John Beaufort, Earl, afterwards Duke of Somerset, whose parties are distinguished by white and red roses, develop into civil strife which was ere long to deluge the entire kingdom with blood.

III. The French, through the strategy of Joan of Arc, capture Rouen; but Talbot's forces in a desperate charge retake the city. An English garrison is placed on the walls, and Talbot proceeds with his army to Paris, whither the young King Henry VI. has come for his

second coronation. The King recognizes the merit of his general by creating Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury. The French Duke of Burgundy, who had been serving in conjunction with the English army, and had set out from Rouen a little behind Talbot, is met by the Dauphin and persuaded to turn his allegiance to France.

IV. The intrepid Talbot and his son attempt to take Bordeaux, but are entrapped by a greatly superior force under the Dauphin. The personal quarrels of York and Somerset cause them to deny reinforcements promised to Talbot, and he is slain in a bloody battle.

V. The French on their side suffer a loss in the capture of Joan of Arc, who is cruelly condemned to death at the stake for witchcraft. The war brings varying fortunes to both sides, until at last overtures of peace are made. The Dauphin consents to swear allegiance to England and reign as viceroy; while King Henry is induced by the artful suggestions of the Earl of Suffolk to forego a proposed matrimonial alliance with the daughter of the Earl of Armagnac, and to solicit the hand of Margaret, daughter of the Duke of Anjou.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

King Henry.

Shakspere does not hate King Henry; he is as favourably disposed to him as is possible; but he says, with the same clear and definite expression in which the historical fact uttered itself, that this saint of a feeble type upon the throne of England was a curse to the land and to the time only less than a royal criminal as weak as Henry would have been.

The heroic days of the fifth Henry, when the play opens, belong to the past; but their memory survives in the hearts and in the vigorous muscles of the great lords

and earls who surround the King. He only, who most should have treasured and augmented his inheritance of glory and of power, is insensible to the large responsibilities and privileges of his place. He is cold in great affairs; his supreme concern is to remain blameless. Free from all greeds and ambitions, he yet is possessed by egotism, the egotism of timid saintliness. His virtue is negative, because there is no vigorous basis of manhood within him out of which heroic saintliness might develop itself. For fear of what is wrong, he shrinks from what is right. This is not the virtue ascribed to the nearest followers of "the Faithful and True" who in his righteousness doth judge and make war. Henry is passive in the presence of evil, and weeps. He would keep his garments clean; but the garments of God's soldier-saints, who do not fear the soils of struggle, gleam with a higher, intenser purity. "His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns; . . . and the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean." These soldiers in heaven have their representatives in earth, and Henry was not one of these. Zeal must come before charity, and then when charity comes it will appear as a self-denial. But Henry knows nothing of zeal; and he is amiable, not charitable.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

III.

Joan La Pucelle.

The representation given of Joan la Pucelle is grating and disagreeable from our conviction that it is historically false and unjust; this however was not the conviction of Hall and Holinshed and their readers, which was as distinctly the other way; and though such glimpses of the truth appear in their narrative as would well enable Shakespeare to divine and display the whole

of it, to have done so would have involved a much more extensive change of the old play than he took in hand. Taking the character as it stands—the embodiment of motives and disposition in harmony with deeds that the chroniclers assert as facts—it is hard to say that it is other than consistent and natural. The world is now in possession of numerous detailed examples of religious enthusiasm and self-deception combining with ambitious or political purpose in all their strange and mingling manifestations both of the mind and body, and if we scrutinize the most fortunate of them the result is much the same as the catastrophe of Joan even as represented in the play. The false impressions and assumptions that inflame the enthusiast work wonders in their strength, but their weakness tells at last. The self-conviction of the special choice and guidance and inspiration of heaven suffers rude shocks in an extended course, as rude as the blindest fatalism that hardens its purposes by repetition of the phrase of a destiny, a mission, or a star. Rarely indeed does the vainly exalted thought of special heavenly protection escape reversal by as depressing a belief of desertion and forsakenness, and a life of heroism may easily close in vacillation, or despair, or degrading attempt to keep up by foul means, or trickery, the influence that only worked wonders, and was victorious when it sprung spontaneously. Still the dramatist has been more tender to Joan in one respect than the historians, and he rejects the fact they charge her with, of shamefully slaughtering, out of spite and in cold blood, her surrendered prisoner.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

I abstain from making any remarks on the character of Joan of Arc, as delineated in 1 *Henry VI.*; first, because I do not in my conscience attribute it to Shakespeare, and, secondly, because in representing her according to the vulgar English traditions, as half sorceress, half enthusiast, and, in the end, corrupted by pleas-

ure and ambition, the truth of history and the truth of nature, justice and common sense, are equally violated. Schiller has treated the character nobly, but in making Joan the slave of passion, and the victim of love, instead of the victim of patriotism, has committed, I think, a serious error in judgement and feeling; and I cannot sympathize with Madame de Staël's defence of him on this particular point. There was no occasion for this deviation from the truth of things, and from the dignity and spotless purity of the character. This young enthusiast, with her religious reveries, her simplicity, her heroism, her melancholy, her sensibility, her fortitude, her perfectly feminine bearing in all her exploits (for though she so often led the van of battle unshrinking, while death was all around her, she never struck a blow, nor stained her consecrated sword with blood—another point in which Schiller has wronged her), this heroine and martyr, over whose last moments we shed burning tears of pity and indignation, remains yet to be treated as a dramatic character.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

Ah, yes! Even Shakespeare is guilty of injustice towards this noble maiden who saved her country, and he treats her in an unfriendly and unloving manner, even if he does not proclaim himself her decided enemy. And even if she saved her country with the aid of hell, she still deserves respect and admiration. Or are the critics right, who hold that those passages in which the maid makes her appearance, as also Parts II. and III. of *Henry VI.* are not by Shakespeare? They maintain that he only revised this trilogy which he took from older plays. I would gladly be of their opinion for the sake of the Maid of Orleans, but their arguments are untenable. In many parts these doubtful plays bear the full impress of Shakespeare's genius.

HEINE: *Notes on Shakespeare Heroines.*

IV.

Lord Talbot.

"This is that terrible Talbot, so famous for his sword, or rather whose sword was so famous for his arm that used it; a sword with bad Latin upon it, but good steel within it; which constantly conquered where it came, in so much that the bare fame of his approach frighted the French from the siege of Burdeaux."

Such is the quaint notice which old Fuller, in his *Worthies*, gives of Talbot. He is the hero of the play before us; and it is easy to see how his bold, chivalrous bearing, and, above all, the manner of his death, should have made him the favourite of the poet as well as of the chroniclers. His name appears to have been a traditionary household word up to the time of Shakspere; and other writers besides the chroniclers, rejoiced in allusions to his warlike deeds. Edward Kerke, the commentator on Spenser's *Pastorals*, thus speaks of him in 1579: "His nobleness bred such a terror in the hearts of the French, that ofttimes great armies were defeated and put to flight at the only hearing of his name: in so much that the French women, to affray their children, would tell them that the Talbot cometh." By a poetical license, Talbot, in this act, is made to retake Orleans; whereas in truth his defeat at the battle of Patay soon followed upon the raising of the siege after the appearance of Joan of Arc.

KNIGHT: *Pictorial Shakspere.*

Lord Talbot is obviously the noblest character in the whole play, a rough and vigorous knight; battle and war, self-devoted patriotism, knightly honour and bravery, these have constituted his entire life; all higher ideas seem beyond him; he knows how to win a battle, but not how to carry on a war; he is an excellent mili-

tary captain, but no general, no chief, because, although valiant and even discreet and prudent (as is proved by his interview with the Countess of Auvergne), he does not possess either presence of mind, creative power, or a clear insight into matters. This, together with the harshness and roughness of his virtue, which has in it something of the rage of the lion, is his weak point, and proves the cause of his death. His power was not equal to the complicated circumstances and the depravity of the age; under the iron rod of chastisement, he became equally unbending and iron; he is the representative of the rage and ferocity of the war, to which he falls a victim because he is wholly absorbed in it and therefore unable to become the master in directing it. In such days, however, the honourable death of a noble character proves a blessing; victory and pleasure are found in death when life succumbs to the superior power of evil, to the weight and misery of a decline which affects both the nation and the state.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

V.

Shakespeare's Early Hand.

Shakspeare's choice fell first on this period of English history, so full of misery and horrors of every kind, because the pathetic is naturally more suitable than the characteristic to a young poet's mind. We do not yet find here the whole maturity of his genius, yet certainly its whole strength. Careless as to the apparent unconnectedness of contemporary events, he bestows little attention on preparation and development: all the figures follow in rapid succession, and announce themselves emphatically for what we ought to take them; from scenes where the effect is sufficiently agitating to form the catastrophe of a less extensive plan, the poet perpetually hurries us on to catastrophes still more

dreadful. The First Part contains only the first forming of the parties of the White and Red Rose, under which blooming ensigns such bloody deeds were afterwards perpetrated; the varying results of the war in France principally fill the stage. The wonderful saviour of her country, Joan of Arc, is portrayed by Shakspere with an Englishman's prejudices: yet he at first leaves it doubtful whether she has not in reality a heavenly mission; she appears in the pure glory of virgin heroism; by her supernatural eloquence (and this circumstance is of the poet's invention) she wins over the Duke of Burgundy to the French cause; afterwards, corrupted by vanity and luxury, she has recourse to hellish fiends, and comes to a miserable end. To her is opposed Talbot, a rough iron warrior, who moves us the more powerfully, as, in the moment when he is threatened with inevitable death, all his care is tenderly directed to save his son, who performs his first deeds of arms under his eye. After Talbot has in vain sacrificed himself, and the Maid of Orleans has fallen into the hands of the English, the French provinces are completely lost by an impolitic marriage; and with this the piece ends.

SCHLEGEL: *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*

If we separate all the scenes between York and Somerset, Mortimer and York, Margaret and Suffolk, and read them by themselves, we feel that we are looking upon a series of scenes which exhibit Shakespeare's style in his historical plays just in the manner in which we should have expected him to have written at the commencement of his career. We see the skilful and witty turn of speech and the germ of his figurative language; we perceive already the fine clever repartees and the more choice form of expression; in Mortimer's death-scene and in the lessons of his deeply dissembled silent policy, which while dying he transmits to York, we see, with Hallam, all the genuine feeling and knowledge of

human nature which belongs to Shakespeare in similar pathetic or political scenes in his other dramas; all . . . certainly in the germ which prefigures future perfection. These scenes contrast decidedly with the trivial, tedious war scenes and the alternate bombastic and dull disputes between Gloucester and Winchester; they adhere to the common highway of historical poetry, though they have sufficient of the freshness of youthful art to furnish Schiller in his *Maid of Orleans* with many beautiful traits, and indeed with the principal idea of his drama.

GERVINUS: *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING HENRY *the Sixth.*
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *uncle to the King, and Protector.*
DUKE OF BEDFORD, *uncle to the King, and Regent of France.*
THOMAS BEAUFORT, *Duke of Exeter, great-uncle to the King.*
HENRY BEAUFORT, *great-uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.*
JOHN BEAUFORT, *Earl, afterwards Duke, of Somerset.*
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *son of Richard late Earl of Cambridge, afterwards Duke of York.*
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF SUFFOLK.
LORD TALBOT, *afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.*
JOHN TALBOT, *his son.*
EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*
SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.
SIR WILLIAM LUCY.
SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.
SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.
Mayor of London.
WOODVILE, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*
VERNON, *of the White-Rose or York faction.*
BASSET, *of the Red-Rose or Lancaster faction.*
A Lawyer. Mortimer's Keepers.
CHARLES, *Dauphin, and afterwards King, of France.*
REIGNIER, *Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.*
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF ALENCON.
BASTARD OF ORLEANS.
Governor of Paris.
Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.
General of the French forces in Bourdeaux.
A French Sergeant. A Porter.
An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.
MARGARET, *daughter to Reignier, afterwards married to King Henry.*
COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.
JOAN LA PUCELLE, *commonly called Joan of Arc.*
Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.
Fiends appearing to La Pucelle.

SCENE: *Partly in England, and partly in France.*

The First Part of

King Henry VI.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Westminster Abbey.

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloucester, Protector; the Duke of Exeter, the Earl of Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, Heralds, &c.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto Henry's death!
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glou. England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams:
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend,
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that afraid of him
By magic verses have contrived his end?

Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgement-day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glou. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloucester, whate'er we like, thou art Protector,
And lookest to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or religious churchmen may.

Glou. Name not religion, for thou lovest the flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars and rest your minds in peace:
Let 's to the altar: heralds, wait on us:
Instead of gold, we 'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not now that Henry 's dead.

Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.
Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invocate:
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Cæsar or bright—

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead and rise from death.

Glou. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was used?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain several factions,
And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals:
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third thinks, without expense at all,

By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; Regent I am of France.
Give me my steeled coat. I 'll fight for France.
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger.

Mess. Lords, view these letters full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glou. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats.
Bedford, if thou be slack, I 'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,

I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is 't so?

Mess. O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I 'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out of hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot above human thought
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance:
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and every where, enraged he flew:
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agazed on him:
His soldiers spying his undaunted spirit
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward:
He, being in the vaward, placed behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:

A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back,
Whom all France with their chief assembled strength
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.

Mess. O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
I 'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne:
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I 'll change for one of ours.
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is besieged;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*

Glou. I 'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;

And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor,
And for his safety there I 'll best devise. [*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend.
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack out of office:
The king from Eltham I intend to steal
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

France. Before Orleans.

Sound a Flourish. Enter Charles, Alençon, and Reignier, marching with Drum and Soldiers.

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors; upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let 's raise the siege: why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French!
Him I forgive my death that killeth me
When he sees me go back one foot or fly. [*Exeunt.*

Here Alarum; they are beaten back by the English with great loss.

Re-enter Charles, Alençon and Reignier.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!
Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliases
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-boned rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let 's leave this town; for they are hare-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they 'll tear down than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmors or device
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we 'll even let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where 's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.
Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.
Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd:
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a vision sent to her from heaven
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome:
What 's past and what 's to come she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.
Char. Go, call her in. [*Exit Bastard.*] But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern:
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

Re-enter the Bastard of Orleans, with Joan La Pucelle.

Reig. Fair maid, is 't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?
Puc. Reignier, is 't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amazed, there 's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart.
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.
Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me,
And in a vision full of majesty
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promised and assured success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infused on me
That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou darest,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms:
Only this proof I 'll of thy valour make,
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepared: here is my keen-edged sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.

Puc. "Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
. . . God's mother deigned to appear to me,"

King Henry VI. P. 1. Act 1, Scene 2.

Puc. And while I live, I 'll ne'er fly from a man.
[*Here they fight, and Joan La Pucelle overcomes.*
Char. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.
Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.
Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant and not sovereign be:
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.
Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession 's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.
Char. Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.
Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.
Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?
Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?
Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.
Char. What she says I 'll confirm: we 'll fight it out.
Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I 'll raise:
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,

Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove? 140
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
Drive them from Orleans and be immortalized.

Char. Presently we 'll try: come, let 's away about it:
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. 150
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

London. Before the Tower.

Enter the Duke of Gloucester, with his Serving-men in blue coats.

Glou. I am come to survey the Tower this day:
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates; 'tis Gloucester that calls.

First Warder. [*Within*] Who 's there that knocks so imperiously?

First Serv. It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.

Second Warder. [*Within*] Who 'er he be, you may not be let in.

First Serv. Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

First Warder. [*Within*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glou. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There 's none protector of the realm but I.
Break up the gates, I 'll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

[Gloucester's men rush at the Tower Gates, and Woodvile the Lieutenant speaks within.

Woodv. What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glou. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here 's Gloucester that would enter.

Woodv. Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandment
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Glou. Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester, the haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God or to the king:
Open the gates, or I 'll shut thee out shortly.

Serving-men. Open the gates unto the lord protector,
Or we 'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates Winchester and his men in tawny coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphry! what means this?

Glou. Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,

And not protector, of the king or realm.

Glou. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contrivedst to murder our dead lord;
Thou that givest whores indulgences to sin:
I 'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glou. I will not slay thee, but I 'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth
I 'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou darest; I beard thee to thy face.

Glou. What! am I dared and bearded to my face?
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue coats to tawny coats. Priest, beware your beard;
I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat:
In spite of pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I 'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloucester, thou wilt answer this before the pope.

Glou. Winchester goose, I cry, a rope! a rope!
Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?
Thee I 'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.
Out, tawny coats! out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here Gloucester's men beat out the Cardinal's men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London and his Officers.

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glou. Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs:

Here 's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here 's Gloucester, a foe to citizens,
One that still motions war and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines,
That seek to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm,
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king and suppress the prince.

Glou. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[*Here they skirmish again.*

May. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife
But to make open proclamation:
Come officer; as loud as e'er thou canst:
Cry.

Off. All manner of men assembled here in arms this day against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glou. Cardinal, I 'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloucester, we will meet; to thy cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

May. I 'll call for clubs, if you will not away.
This cardinal 's more haughty than the devil.

Glou. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou mayst.

Win. Abominable Gloucester, guard thy head;
For I intend to have it ere long.

[*Exeunt, severally Gloucester and Winchester with their Serving-men.*

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Orleans.

Enter on the walls, a Master Gunner and his Boy.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieged,
And how the English have the suburbs won.

Boy. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou ruled by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espials have informed me
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower to overpeer the city,
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have placed;
And even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them.
Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*

Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I 'll never trouble you, if I may spy them. [*Exit.*

Enter, on the turrets, the Lords Salisbury and Talbot, Sir William Glansdale, Sir Thomas Gargrave, and others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be released?
Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner
Call'd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him was I exchanged and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far
Once in contempt they would have barter'd me:
Which I disdaining scorn'd, and craved death
Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desired.
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts
In open market-place produced they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame:
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread
That they supposed I could rend bars of steel,

And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a linstock.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endured,
But we will be revenged sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here, through this grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions
Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Here they shoot. Salisbury and Gargrave fall.*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:
How farest thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand
That hath contrived this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,

His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
Yet livest thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!
Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, has thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die whiles—
He beckons with his hand and smiles on me,
As who should say 'When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.'
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens.*

What stir is this? what tumult 's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
A holy prophetess new risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be revenged.
Frenchmen, I 'll be a Salisbury to you:
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,

Your hearts I 'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we 'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare. [*Alarum. Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The same.

Here an alarum again: and Talbot pursueth the Dauphin, and driveth him: then enter Joan La Pucelle, driving Englishmen before her and exit after them: then re-enter Talbot.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them:
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Re-enter La Pucelle.

Here, here she comes. I 'll have a bout with thee;
Devil or devil's dam, I 'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou servest.
Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.
[*Here they fight.*
Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I 'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.
[*They fight again.*
Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
[*A short alarum: then enter the town with soldiers.*

STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC.
E. Fremiet, Sculptor.

O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hungry-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be. [*Exit.*

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists:
So bees with smoke and doves with noisome stench
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.
[*A short alarum.*
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.
[*Alarum. Here another skirmish.*
It will not be: retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In spite of us or aught that we could do.
O would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Exit Talbot. Alarum; retreat; flourish.*

Scene VI.

The same.

Enter, on the walls, La Pucelle, Charles, Reignier, Alençon, and Soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescued is Orleans from the English:
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Char. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens
That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which I will divide my crown with her,
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I 'll rear
Than Rhodope's or Memphis' ever was:
In memory of her when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals

Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Before Orleans.

Enter a Sergeant of a band with two Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant:
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.
First Sent. Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*] Thus are poor servitors,
When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, and forces, with scaling ladders, their drums beating a dead march.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Wallon and Picardy are friends to us,
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day caroused and banqueted:
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit
Contrived by art and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France! how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!
Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what 's that Pucelle whom they term so pure?
Tal. A maid, they say.
Bed. A maid! and be so martial!
Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long,
If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour as she hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.
Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.
Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.
Bed. Agreed: I 'll to yond corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.
Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.
Sent. Arm! arm! the enemy doth make assault!
[*Cry*: *'St. George,' 'A Talbot.'*

The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, and Reignier, half ready, and half unready.

Alen. How now, my lords! what, all unready so?
Bast. Unready! ay, and glad we 'scaped so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.
Alen. Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous or desperate than this.
Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.
Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.
Alen. Here cometh Charles: I marvel how he sped.
Bast. Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter Charles and La Pucelle.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?
Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.
Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.
Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surprised.
Bast. Mine was secure.
Reig. And so was mine, my lord.
Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter and mine own precinct
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how or which way should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How or which way: 'tis sure they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this;
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispersed,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying, 'A Talbot! a Talbot!' They fly, leaving their clothes behind.

Sold. I 'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Orleans. Within the town.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, a Captain, and others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
[*Retreat sounded.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,

Within their chiefest temple I 'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engraved the sack of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful death
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did amongst the troops of armed men
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself, as far as I could well discern
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night,
Am sure I scared the Dauphin and his trull,
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We 'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot: who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies,

That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled:
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there 's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*] You perceive my mind?

Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Auvergne. The Countess's castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.

Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desired,
By message craved, so is Lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!
It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I 'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now? Go ask him whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she 's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot 's here.

Re-enter Porter with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow had been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny these many years
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceived, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain 't.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

[*Winds his horn. Drums strike up: a peal of ordnance. Enter Soldiers.*

Tal. "How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,"

King Henry VI. Part 1. Act 2. Scene 4.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities and subverts your towns
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me;
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart, and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

London. The Temple-garden.

Enter the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, and another Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth;
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?
Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And therefore frame the law unto my will.
Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then, between us.
War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgement:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.
Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side
That any purblind eye may find it out.
Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining and so evident
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.
Plan. Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.
Som. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.
War. I love no colours, and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset,
And say withal I think he held the right.
Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
Till you conclude that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.
Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected:
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.
Plan. And I.
Ver. Then for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so, against your will.
Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt
And keep me on the side where still I am.
Som. Well, well, come on: who else?
Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you;
[*To Somerset.*
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.
Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
Som. Here in my scabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.
Plan. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear but anger that my cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,

And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I 'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.

Suf. I 'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William de la Pole!
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward King of England:
Spring crestless yeoman from so deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I 'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I 'll prove on better men than Somerset,

Plan. "Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?"
Som. "Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?"

King Henry VI. Part 1. Act 2. Scene 4.

Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Pole and you yourself,
I 'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Look to it well and say you are well-warn'd.

Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
And know us by these colours for thy foes,
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward and be choked with thy ambition!
And so farewell until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*

Som. Have with thee, Pole. Farewell ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*

Plan. How I am braved and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot that they object against your house
Shall be wiped out in the next parliament
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester;
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple-garden,
Shall send between the red rose and the white
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.
Law. And so will I.
Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt*

Scene V.

The Tower of London.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair, and Gaolers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;
Weak shoulders, overborne with burthening grief,
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?
First Gaol. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber;
And answer was return'd that he will come.
Mor. Enough: my soul shall then be satisfied.
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.

Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscured,
Deprived of honour and inheritance.
But now the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence:
I would his troubles likewise were expired,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

First Gaol. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly used,
Your nephew, late despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say of late thou wert despised?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And, in that ease, I 'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;
Among which terms he used his lavish tongue
And did upbraid me with my father's death:
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet

And for alliance sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me
And hath detain'd me all my flowering youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant and cannot guess.

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Deposed his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
The first-begotten and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reason moved these warlike lords to this
Was, for that—young King Richard thus removed,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body—
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third; whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark: as in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then derived

From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,
Again in pity of my hard distress
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest that I no issue have,
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And like a mountain not to be removed.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me, as that slaughterer doth
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only give order for my funeral:
And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war! [*Dies.*

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,

And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine let that rest.
Keepers, convey him hence, and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.
[*Exeunt Gaolers, bearing out the body of Mortimer.*
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Choked with ambition of the meaner sort:
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good. [*Exit.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

London. The Parliament-house.

Flourish. Enter King, Exeter, Gloucester, Warwick Somerset, and Suffolk; the Bishop of Winchester, Richard Plantagenet, and others. Gloucester offers to put up a bill; Winchester snatches it, tears it.

Win. Comest thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devised,
Humphrey of Gloucester? If thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention, suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glou. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forged, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree;
And for thy treachery, what 's more manifest?
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London-bridge as at the Tower.
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloucester, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do?—except I be provoked.
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that that hath incensed the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;

To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
Civil dissension is a viperous worm
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.
[A noise within, 'Down with the tawny-coats!'
What tumult 's this?

'ar. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.
[A noise again, 'Stones! stones!'

Enter Mayor.

'ay. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the Duke of Gloucester's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones,
And banding themselves in contrary parts
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter Serving-men, in skirmish, with bloody pates.

'ing. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaughtering hands and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife.

'irst Serv. Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we 'll fall to it with our teeth.

'ec. Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
[Skirmish again.

And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good—
Glou. As good!
Thou bastard of my grandfather!
Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?
Glou. Am I not protector, saucy priest?
Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?
Glou. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps
And useth it to patronage his theft.
Win. Unreverent Gloster!
Glou. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.
Win. Rome shall remedy this.
War. Roam thither, then.
Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.
War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.
Som. Methinks my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.
War. Methinks his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.
War. State holy or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?
Plan. [*Aside*] Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue,
Lest it be said 'Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?'
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.
King. Uncles of Gloucester and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,

To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
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King. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaughtering hands and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife.

First Serv. Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we 'll fall to it with our teeth.

Sec. Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
[Skirmish again.

Glou. You of my household, leave this peevish broil
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

Third Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty:
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
We and our wives and children all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

First Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [*Begin again.*

Glou. Stay, stay, I say!
And if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

King. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. Yield, my lord protector; yield, Winchester;
Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief and what murder too
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glou. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke

Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern and tragical?

Glou. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

King. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet king! the bishop hath a kindly gird.
For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent!
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love and hand for hand I give.

Glou. [*Aside*] Ay, but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—
See here, my friends and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. [*Aside*] So help me God, as I intend it not!

King. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester,
How joyful am I made by this contract!
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

First Serv. Content: I 'll to the surgeon's.

Sec. Serv. And so will I.

Third Serv. And I will see what physic the tavern affords. [*Exeunt Serving-men, Mayor, etc.*

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glou. Well urged, my Lord of Warwick: for, sweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,

You have great reason to do Richard right;
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham place I told your majesty.

King. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompensed.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

King. If Richard will be true, not that alone
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience
And humble service till the point of death.

King. Stoop then and set your knee against my foot;
And, in reguerdon of that duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York:
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely Duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York!

Som. [*Aside*] Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke of York!

Glou. Now will it best avail your majesty
To cross the seas and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

King. When Gloucester says the word, King Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glou. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but Exeter.*

Exe. Ay, we may march in England or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers
Burns under feigned ashes of forged love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy
Which in the time of Henry named the fifth
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe;
That Henry born at Monmouth should win all
And Henry born at Windsor lose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

France. Before Rouen.

Enter La Pucelle disguised, with four Soldiers with sacks upon their backs.

P. J. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach:
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market men
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I 'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

First Sol. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we 'll knock. [*Knocks.*

Watch. [*Within*] Qui est là?

Puc. Paysans, pauvres gens de France;
Poor market folks that come to sell their corn.

Watch. Enter, go in; the market bell is rung.

Puc. Now, Rouen, I 'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Charles, the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, Reignier, and forces.

Char. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we 'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle and her practisants;
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Reig. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter La Pucelle on the top, thrusting out a torch burning.

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites! [*Exit.*

Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend;
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends:
Enter, and cry 'The Dauphin!' presently,
And then do execution on the watch.
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

An alarum. Enter Talbot in an excursion.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escaped the pride of France.
[*Exit.*

An alarum: excursions. Bedford, brought in sick in a chair. Enter Talbot and Burgundy without: within La Pucelle, Charles, Bastard, Alençon, and Reignier on the walls.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast
Before he 'll buy again at such a rate:
'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste?
Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtezan!
I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.
Char. Your grace may starve perhaps before that time.
Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!
Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt with death within a chair?
Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I 'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.
Puc. Are ye so hot, sir? yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.
[*The English whisper together in council.*

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

Puc. Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang! base muleters of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Away, captains! let 's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.
God be wi' you, my lord! we came but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt from the walls.*

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the town again or die:
And I, as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried,
So sure I swear to get the town or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford. Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen

And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to begone from hence; for once I read
That stout Pendragon in his litter sick
Came to the field and vanquished his foes:
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
Then be it so: heavens keep old Bedford safe!
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand
And set upon our boasting enemy.
[*Exeunt all but Bedford and Attendants.*

An alarum: excursions. Enter Sir John Fastolfe and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away! to save myself by flight:
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*

Retreat: excursions. La Pucelle, Alençon, and Charles fly.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please,
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffs
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[*Bedford dies, and is carried in by two in his chair.*

An alarum. Re-enter Talbot, Burgundy, and the rest.

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Yet heavens have glory for this victory!

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble deeds as valour's monuments.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep:
Now where 's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?
What, all amort? Rouen hangs her head for grief
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to Paris to the king,
For there young Henry with his nobles lie.

Bur. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let 's not forget
The noble Duke of Bedford late deceased,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen:
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that 's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The plains near Rouen.

Enter Charles, the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, La Pucelle, and forces.

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We 'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but ruled.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence:
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We 'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenced like a blessed saint:
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions mix'd with sugar'd words
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expulsed from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work

To bring this matter to the wished end.
[*Drum sounds afar off.*
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

Here sound an English march. Enter, and pass over at a distance, Talbot and his forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

French march. Enter the Duke of Burgundy and forces.

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.
[*Trumpets sound a parley.*

Char. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defaced
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lowly babe
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast.
O, turn thy edged sword another way;

Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:
Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with but with a lordly nation
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord;
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished; these haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen,
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours:
So farewell, Talbot; I 'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. [*Aside*] Done like a Frenchman: turn, and turn again!

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers,
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Paris. The palace.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Bishop of Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Exeter: Vernon, Basset, and others. To them with his Soldiers, Talbot.

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet,
And with submissive loyalty of heart
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
First to my God and next unto your grace. [*Kneel.*

King. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,
That hath so long been resident in France?

Glou. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

King. Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!

When I was young, as yet I am not old,
I do remember how my father said
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up: and, for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but Vernon and Basset.*

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble Lord of York:—
Darest thou maintain the former words thou spakest?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.

[*Strikes him.*

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such
That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I 'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see I 'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I 'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Paris. A hall of state.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Bishop of Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, Exeter, the Governor of Paris, and others.

Glou. Lord Bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!

Glou. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,
That you elect no other king but him;
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,
And none your foes but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

Enter Sir John Fastolfe.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,
[*Plucking it off.*
Which I have done, because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong
And that the French were almost ten to one,

Before we met or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire did run away:
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself and divers gentlemen beside
Were there surprised and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

Glou. To say the truth, this fact was infamous
And ill beseeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He then that is not furnish'd in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order,
And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

King. Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom!
Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight:
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.
[*Exit Fastolfe.*
And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glou. What means his grace, that he hath changed his style?
No more but, plain and bluntly, 'To the king!'
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?

Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What 's here? [*Reads*] 'I have, upon especial cause,
Moved with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of France.'
O monstrous treachery! can this be so,
That in alliance, amity and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

King. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glou. He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.

King. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glou. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

King. Why, then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse.
How say you, my lord? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege! yes, but that I am prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

King. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*

Enter Vernon and Basset.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign.

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too.

York. This is my servant: hear him, noble prince.

Som. And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour him.

King. Be patient, lords; and give them leave to speak.

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

King. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I 'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law
Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

King. Good Lord, what madness rules in brainsick men,
When for so slight and frivolous a cause
Such factious emulations shall arise!
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,

Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glou. Confirm it so! Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords, methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:
Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his highness: good my lords, be friends.

King. Come hither, you that would be combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissension in our looks
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provoked
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility

Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France!
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years, and let us not forgo
That for a trifle that was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
[*Putting on a red rose.*
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:
And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector and the rest
After some respite will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon and that traitorous rout.
[*Flourish. Exeunt all but York, Warwick, Exeter and Vernon.*

War. My Lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. An if I wist he did,—but let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt all but Exeter.*

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagined or supposed.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands;
But more when envy breeds unkind division;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[*Exit.*

Scene II.

Before Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot, with trump and drum.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter;
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds. Enter General and others, aloft.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry King of England;

And thus he would: Open your city-gates;
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects;
And I 'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who in a moment even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death;
For, I protest, we are well fortified
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit!
This is the latest glory of thy praise
That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,

These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale and dead.
[*Drum afar of*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exeunt General, et*

Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy:
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Mazed with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood;
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!
[*Exeun*

Scene III.

Plains in Gascony.

Enter a Messenger that meets York. Enter York wit trumpet and many Soldiers.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord, and give it out
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,

To fight with Talbot: as he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him and made their march for Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, Farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God, that Somerset, who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul;
And on his son young John, who two hours since
I met in travel towards his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.
Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset and his delay.
[*Exit, with his soldiers.*

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror,
That ever living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth: whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands and all hurry to loss. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Other plains in Gascony.

Enter Somerset, with his army; a Captain of Talbot's with him.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted: all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot

Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Cap. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold Lord Talbot;
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions:
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on; York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the horse:
I owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en or slain;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The English camp near Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot and John his son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee revived,
When sapless age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I 'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me!
The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood,

That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.
Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.
John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.
Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.
John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But, if I bow, they 'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink and run away.
Here on my knee I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserved with infamy.
Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?
John. Ay, rather than I 'll shame my mother's womb.
Tal. Upon my blessing, I command thee go.
John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.
Tal. Part of thy father may be saved in thee.
John. No part of him but will be shame in me.
Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.
John. Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it?
Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.
John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.
Tal. And leave my followers here to fight and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.
John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,

Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[*Exeunt*

Scene VI.

A field of battle.

Alarum: excursions, wherein Talbot's Son is hemmed about, and Talbot rescues him.

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot? Pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life and rescued thee from death.

John. O, twice my father, twice am I thy son!
The life thou gavest me first was lost and done,
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determined time thou gavest new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,

And interchanging blows I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus; 'Contaminated base
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:'
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now, thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead:
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat!
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain an if I stay;
'Tis but the shortening of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
All these and more we hazard by thy stay;
All these are saved if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
And like me to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,

An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable proved, let 's die in pride.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Another part of the field.

Alarum: excursions. Enter old Talbot led by a Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life? mine own is gone;
O, where 's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:
When he perceived me shrink and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendering my ruin and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-eyed fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustering battle of the French;
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit, and there died,
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Serv. O my dear lord, lo, where your son is borne!

Enter Soldiers, with the body of young Talbot.

Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.
O thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath!
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
Come, come and lay him in his father's arms:
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.
[*Dies.*

Enter Charles, Alençon, Burgundy, Bastard, La Pucelle, and forces.

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:
'Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:'
But with a proud majestical high scorn,
He answer'd thus: 'Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench:'
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight:
See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms!

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no, forbear! for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William Lucy, attended; Herald of the French preceding.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. But where 's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael and the Golden Fleece;
Great marshal to Henry the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.
Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles

Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.

ucy. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

'uc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

'har. Go, take their bodies hence.

.ucy. I 'll bear them hence; but from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phœnix that shall make all France afeard.

'har. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot 's slain.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

London. The palace.

Sennet. Enter King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

'ing. Have you perused the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?

lou. I have, my lord: and their intent is this

They humbly sue unto your excellence
To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.

King. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glou. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood
And stablish quietness on every side.

King. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glou. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

King. Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young!
And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

Enter Winchester in Cardinal's habit, a Legate and two Ambassadors.

Exe. What! is my Lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,
'If once he come to be a cardinal,

He 'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.'

King. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And therefore are we certainly resolved
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glou. And for the proffer of my lord your master,
I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As liking of the lady's virtuous gifts
Her beauty and the value of her dower,
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

King. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded
And safely brought to Dover; where inshipp'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt all but Winchester and Legate.*

Win. Stay, my lord legate: you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. [*Aside*] Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive
That, neither in birth or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I 'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

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Scene II.

France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alençon, Bastard, Reignier, La Pucelle, and forces.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt
And turn again unto the warlike French.
Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.
Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!
Char. What tidings send our scouts? I prithee, speak.
Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.
Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.
Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.
Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accursed.
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine,
Let Henry fret and all the world repine.
Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Before Angiers.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter La Pucelle.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.
Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;
And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents. [*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear and aid me in this enterprise.

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk, and speak not.*
O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I 'll lop a member off and give it you
In earnest of a further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.
[*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redress? My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their heads.*
Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul, my body, soul and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.
[*They depart.*

See, they forsake me! Now the time is come
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*

Excursions. Re-enter La Pucelle fighting hand to hand with York; La Pucelle is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if with Circe she would change my shape!

Puc. Changed to a worser shape thou canst not be.
O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surprised
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue!

Puc. I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Suffolk, with Margaret in his hand.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[*Gazes on her.*
O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands;
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,

And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.
Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples, whoso'er thou art.
Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go and be free again as Suffolk's friend.
[*She is going.*
O stay! I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I 'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, de la Pole! disable not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.
Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so—
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.
Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love?
Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?
Suf. She 's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom? yea, or no.
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?
Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suf. I 'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: tush, that 's a wooden thing!
Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too;
For though her father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.
Mar. Hear ye, captain, are you not at leisure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.
Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy.
Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—
Mar. Tush, women have been captivate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but Quid for Quo.
Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I 'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam, are ye so content?
Mar. An if my father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our captains and our colours forth.
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We 'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

A parley sounded. Enter Reignier on the walls.

See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner!
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;

Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
Suf. Fair Margaret knows
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.
Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
To give thee answer of thy just demand.
[*Exit from the walls.*
Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier, below.

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.
Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth
To be the princely bride of such a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the country Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.
Suf. That is her ransom; I deliver her;
And those two counties I will undertake
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.
Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king.
[*Aside*] And yet, methinks, I could be well content

To be mine own attorney in this case.
I 'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemnized.
So farewell, Reignier: set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord: good wishes, praise and prayers
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam: but hark you, Margaret;
No princely commendations to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as becomes a maid,
A virgin and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly placed and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again;
No loving token to his majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*

Mar. That for thyself: I will not so presume
To send such peevish tokens to a king.
[*Exeunt Reignier and Margaret.*

Suf. O, wert thou for myself! But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
And natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou comest to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou mayest bereave him of his wits with wonder.
[*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Camp of the Duke of York in Anjou.

Enter York, Warwick, and others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress condemn'd to burn.

Enter La Pucelle, guarded, and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I 'll die with thee!
Puc. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood:
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out! My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.
War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?
York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.
Shep. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.
Puc. Peasant, avaunt! You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time

Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good. [*Exit.*

York. Take her away; for she hath lived too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils.
No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay: away with her to execution!

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heaven forfend! the holy maid with child!

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we 'll have no bastards live;
Especially since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceived; my child is none of his·
It was Alençon that enjoyed my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you:
'Twas neither Charles nor yet the duke I named,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that 's most intolerable.

York. Why, here 's a girl! I think she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It 's sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curse:
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death

Environ you, till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!
[*Exit, guarded.*

York. Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, attended.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Moved with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implored a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin and his train
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter Charles, Alençon, Bastard, Reignier, and others.

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed

That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Car. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That, in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be placed as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenced for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador, I 'll rather keep
That which I have than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league,

And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy
To save your subjects from such massacre
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen,
By our proceeding in hostility;
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Char. It shall;
Only reserved, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty,
As thou art knight, never to disobey
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.
So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

London. The royal palace.

Enter Suffolk in conference with the King, Gloucest and Exeter.

King. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues graced with external gifts
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush, my good lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise;
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
Had I sufficient skill to utter them,
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit:
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full-replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

King. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glou. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem:

How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glou. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my lord, her father is a king,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glou. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suf A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base and poor,
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,

It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king:
Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit,
More than in women commonly is seen,
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assured,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:

For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so, conduct me where, from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

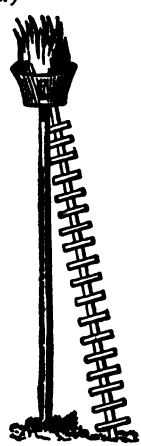
Glou. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
[*Exeunt Gloucester and Exeter.*

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king and realm. [*Exit.*

Glossary.

Accidents, events; V. iii. 4.
Accomplices, fellows in arms; V. ii. 9.
Admonishments, instructions; II. v. 98.
Advantage, occasion; II. v. 129.
Affects, cares for, loves; V. v. 57.
Agazed on, aghast at, gazing with amazement at; I. i. 126.
Alcides, Hercules; IV. vii. 60.
Alliance, relationship; II. v. 53.
Amaze, throw into consternation; IV. vii. 84.
Amort; "all a.," quite dejected; III. ii. 124.
Antic, buffoon (Folios 1, 2, "*antique*"; Folios 3, 4, "*antick*"); IV. vii. 18.
Apparell'd, dressed; II. iv. 22.
Apparent, evident, plain; II. i. 3.
Apprehension, conception of me (Theobald, "*reprehension*"; Vaughan, "*misapprehension*" for "*this ap.*"); II. iv. 102.
Argue, show, prove; II. v. 7.
Argument, token; V. i. 46.
Arms, coat of arms; I. i. 80.
As, that; III. i. 16.
Astræa, goddess of justice (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*bright Astræa*"); I. vi. 4.
Attached, arrested; II. iv. 96.
Attaint, tainted; V. v. 81.
Attainted, tainted, disgraced; II. iv. 92; convicted of capital treason, II. iv. 96.
Attorneyship, discretional agency of another; V. v. 56.

Banding, uniting in troops; III. i. 81.
Banning, cursing; V. iii. 42.
Bay; "stand at b.," a term of the chase, "when the game is driven to extremity and turns against its pursuers"; IV. ii. 52.
Beard; "b. thee to thy face," set thee at defiance; I. iii. 44.
Beacon; III. ii. 29. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From a XVth century specimen.

Bearing-cloth, the cloth or mantle in which the child was carried to the font; I. iii. 42.

Bearing Cloth
From a French print (*c.* 1600 A.D.) by Bonnart.

Benefit; "of b.," used in its legal sense of property bestowed by the favour of another; V. iv. 152.

Beside, besides; III. i. 24.

Best; "I were best," it were better for me; V. iii. 83.

Bestow, place, lodge; III. ii. 88.

Bewray'd, betrayed; IV. i. 107.

Bishop; "the b. and the D. of Gloucester's men"; *i.e.* bishop's men (Hanmer, "*Bishop's*"); III. i. 78.

Blood; "in b.," in perfect health and vigour; a technical term of the chase; IV. ii. 48.

Blue coats, blue was the ordinary colour of the livery of serving-men; I. iii. 47.

Boot; "it is no b.," it is no profit, use; IV. vi. 52.

Bought and sold, betrayed; IV. iv. 13.

Bounds, boundaries, limits; I. ii. 54.

Bow, depart (Collier MS., "*fly*"; Long MS., "*go*"; Vaughan, "*budge*"); IV. v. 29.

Braved, defied; II. iv. 115.

Break, broach (Pope "*tell*"); I. iii. 81.

Break up, break open (Gray conjectured "*Break ope*"); I. iii. 13.

Bruited, noised abroad; II. iii. 68.

Buckle with, join in close fight with; I. ii. 95.

Bull-beeves, oxen, beef; I. ii. 9.

Canker, canker-worm; II. iv. 68.

Canvass, toss as in a canvass, "toss in a blanket"; I. iii. 36.

Cap, Cardinal's hat; V. i. 33.

Captivate, captive; II. iii. 42.

Cates, delicacies, dainties; II. iii. 79.

Censure, judgement, opinion; II. iii. 10.

——, judge; V. v. 97.

Challenge, claim; V. iv. 153.

Charge, expense, cost; V. v. 92.

Cheer, countenance; I. ii. 48.

Circumstance, circumstances, details; I. i. 109.

Clubs; "I'll call for clubs"; "in any public affray the cry was 'Clubs! clubs!' by way

of calling for persons with clubs to part the combatants" (Nares); I. iii. 84.

Coat, coat of arms; I. i. 81.

Cognizance, badge; II. iv. 108.

Collop, slice of meat; V. iv. 18.

Colours, pretence (with play upon the two senses of the word); II. iv. 34.

Commandment, command; quadrisyllabic (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*commandement*"); I. iii. 20.

Conceit, invention, IV. i. 102; understanding, V. v. 15.

Consented unto, conspired to bring about; I. i. 5.

Contemptible, mean, low; I. ii. 75.

Contumeliously, contemptuously; I. iii. 58.

Conveyance, dishonest practices; I. iii. 2.

Cooling card, "something to damp or overwhelm the hopes of an expectant"; V. iii. 84.

Cornets, horsemen, cavalry; IV. iii. 25.

Corrosive, fretting, giving pain (Folios 2, 3, "*corrasive*"; Boswell, "*a corrosive*"); III. iii. 3.

Court of guard, main guard-house; II. i. 4.

Crazy, decrepit, weak; III. ii. 89.

Crestless, with no right to coat-armour; II. iv. 85.

Cunning, skill; III. iii. 10.

Damascus; alluding to the ancient belief that it was near the place where Cain killed Abel; I. iii. 39.

Darnel, a kind of weed, rye-grass, which is thought to be injurious to the eyes; hence the old proverb, *lolio victitare* (to feed on darnel); "tares" in Matthew xiii. 25, should perhaps properly be rendered "darnels"; III. ii. 44.

Dead (Folio 2, "*dread*"); I. iii. 34.

Dearest, most precious; III. iv. 40.

Denis; "Saint Denis," the patron saint of France; I. vi. 28.

Determined, limited; IV. vi. 9.

Devise on, lay schemes (Vaughan, "*decide*"); I. ii. 124.

Diffidence, distrust, suspicion; III. iii. 10.

Digest, vent (Folio 2, "*disgest*"); IV. i. 167.

Disable, disparage, undervalue; V. iii. 67.

Discover, tell; II. v. 59.

Disease, cause of uneasiness, trouble; II. v. 44.

Dismay not, be not dismayed; III. iii. 1.

Distrain'd, taken possession of; I. iii. 61.

Drooping chair, chair fit for declining age; IV. v. 5.

Due, endue (? give as thy due) (Folios, "*dew*"; Collier, "*'due*"); IV. ii. 34.

Dumb significants, signs, indications (Pope, "*d. significance*"); II. iv. 26.

Effused, shed; V. iv. 52.
Emulation, rivalry, contention; IV. iv. 21.
Endamage, injure; II. i. 77.
Enrank, place in order, battle array; I. i. 115.
Entertain, maintain, keep (Collier MS., "*enterchange*"); V. iv. 175.
Envy, enmity; IV. i. 193.
Espials, spies; I. iv. 8.
Exempt, cut off, excluded; II. iv. 93.
Exequies, obsequies, funeral rites; III. ii. 133.
Exigent, end (Vaughan, "*exeunt*"); II. v. 9.
Expulsed, expelled; III. iii. 25.
Extirped, extirpated; III. iii. 24.
Extremes; "most ex.," greatest extremities of danger (Hanmer, "*worst ex.*"); IV. i. 38.

Face, lie with effrontery; V. iii. 142.
Familiar, familiar spirit; III. ii. 122.
Fancy, love; V. iii. 91.
Fashion (Pope, "*passion*"; Theobald, "*faction*"); II. iv. 76.
Feature, make, form; V. v. 68.
Flesh, initiate; IV. vii. 36.
Flower-de-luces, the white lilies, the emblem of France; I. i. 80.
Fond, foolish; II. iii. 45.
Foot-boys, lackeys; III. ii. 69.
Forged, counterfeit; IV. i. 102.
Forlorn, utterly wretched, referring to former wretchedness (Collier MS., "*forborne*"); I. ii. 19.
Forth, forth from, from out; I. ii. 54.
Fortune, fate; IV. iv. 39.
France his Sword, France's sword, *i.e.,* the sword of the King of France (Rowe, "*France's*"); IV. vi. 3.
Froissart (Folios, "*Froysard*"); I. ii. 29.

Giglot, wanton; IV. vii. 41.
Gimmors, gimcracks, curious contrivances (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*Gimmalls*"); I. ii. 41.
Gird, rebuke; III. i. 131.
——, invest (Folios 1, 2, "*gyrt*"; Folio 3, "*girt*"); III. i. 171.
Gleeks; "Charles his g.," *i.e.* Charles's scoffs (Folios, "*glikes*"); III. ii. 123.
Gloss, specious appearance; IV. i. 103.
Goliases, Goliaths; I. ii. 33.
Graceless, profligate; V. iv. 14.
Grave, dignified (Collier, "*brave*"); V. i. 54.
Grisly, grim, terrible; I. iv. 47.
Guardant, guard, sentinel; IV. vii. 9.

Halcyon days (Folios 1, 2, "*Halcyons days*"); calm days; halcyon is the old name of the King-fisher. In Holland's Pliny occurs the fol-

lowing illustrative passage:—"They lay and sit about midwinter when days be shortest; and the times whiles they are broody is called *Halcyon days,* for during that season the sea is calm and navigable, especially on the coast of Sicily" (Bk. X., ch. xxxii.); I. ii. 131.

Hand; "out of h.," directly, at once; III. ii. 102.

Haughty, high-spirited, adventurous; II. v. 79.

Have with thee, I'll go with you; II. iv. 114.

Head, armed force; I. iv. 100.

Heart-blood, heart's blood; I. iii. 83.

Heavens, technically the upper part of the stage (overhung with black when a tragedy was enacted); I. i. 1.

His; 'his beams'; its; I. i. 10.

Hungry-starved, starved with hunger; so Folios 1, 2, 3; Folio 4, "*hungry-starved*"; Rowe, "*hunger-starved*"; Boswell, "*hungry, starved*"; I. iv. 5.

Icarus, the son of Dædalus, "sire of Crete," who, attempting to follow his father's example and fly on wings, was drowned in the sea; I. vi. 55.

Immanity, ferocity; V. i. 13.

Inkhorn mate, bookish man (used contemptuously); III. i. 99.

Insulting, exulting; I. ii. 138.

Intermissive, having a temporary cessation; I. i. 88.

Irks, grieves; I. iv. 105.

Juggling (trisyllabic); V. iv. 68.

Kindly, appropriate; III. i. 131.

Latter, last (Folio 4, "*later*"; Pope, "*latest*"); II. v. 38.

Lie, dwell (Pope, "*lyes*"); III. ii. 129.

Lift, lifted (old form of past tense); I. i. 16.

Like, liken, compare (Hanmer, "*leave me to*"; Vaughan, "*take me so*"); IV. vi. 48.

Linstock, a stick to hold the gunner's match; I. iv. 56.

Lither, soft, pliant; IV. vii. 21.

Loaden, laden; II. i. 80.

'Long of, because of (Folios, "*long of*"); IV. iii. 33.

Lowly, brought low, lying low (Warburton, "*lovely*"); III. iii. 47.

Lowted, made a fool of (Grey, "*flouted*"; Nicholson, "*loiter'd*"; Vaughan, "*letted*"); IV. iii. 13.

Machiavel, used proverbially for a crafty politician (here an anachronism); V. iv. 74.

Malice, hatred, III. i. 128; enmity, ill-will, IV. i. 108.

Manifest, obvious, evident; I. iii. 33.

Mean, moderation, medium, I. ii. 121.

Mean, means, instrument; III. ii. 10.

Method; "the m. of my pen," *i.e.* the order in which I wrote it down (Vaughan, "*them off my pen,*" or, "*the method of them*"); III. i. 13.

Mickle, great, much (Theobald, "*milky*"); IV. vi. 35.

Minotaurs, alluding to the monsters in the Cretan Labyrinth; V. iii. 189.

Miscarry, be lost, die; IV. iii. 16.

Misconceived, misjudging one; V. iv. 49.

Munition, ammunition; I. i. 168.

Muse, marvel, wonder; II. ii. 19.

Neglection, neglect; IV. iii. 49.

Nephew, used loosely for cousin (Rowe, "*cousin*"); II. v. 64.

Nestor-like, i.e. like Nestor, the oldest and wisest hero before Troy; II. v. 6.

Noble, a gold coin of the value of six shillings and eight pence; V. iv. 23.

From an original specimen of Edward III.'s reign.

Miser, miserable wretch; V. iv. 7.

Monarch of the North, Lucifer (as in Milton), or perhaps the devil Zimimar, mentioned by Reginald Scot as "the king of the north"; V. iii. 6.

Mortality, death; IV. v. 32.

Motion, offer, proposal; V. i. 7.

Mouth, bark, bay; II. iv. 12.

Muleters, mule-drivers (Rowe, "*muleteers*"); III. ii. 68.

Nourish, probably = "nurse" (often spelt "norice," or "nurice" in older English); Theobald conjectured "*nourice,*" the French spelling. Steevens states that a stew, in which fish are preserved, was anciently called a "*nourish*" (Pope, "*marish,*" the older form of *marsh*); I. i. 50.

Objected; "well o.," well proposed; II. iv. 43.
Obloquy, disgrace; II. v. 49.
Obstacle, a vulgar corruption of "*obstinate*" (Walker, "*obstinate*"); V. iv. 17.
Olivers and Rowlands, alluding to the two most famous of Charlemagne's peers; I. ii. 30.
Order; "take some o.," make the necessary dispositions, take measures; III. ii. 126.
Ordnance, a small gun, cannon; I. iv. 15.
Otherwiles, at other times; I. ii. 7.
Overpeer, look down on; I. iv. 11.

Packing; "be p.," go away, make haste; IV. i. 46.
Partaker, confederate; II. iv. 100.
Parties, parts, sides (Pope, "*parts*"); V. ii. 12.
Party, part, side; II. iv. 32.
Patronage, maintain, make good; III. i. 48.
Pebble (Folios 1, 2, "*peeble*"; Folios 3, 4, "*peble*"); III. i. 80.
Peel'd, shaven (Folios, "*Piel'd*"; Grey, "*Pied*"; Collier, "*Pill'd*"); I. iii. 30.
Peevish, silly, childish; II. iv. 76.
Pendragon, the father of King Arthur; III. ii. 95.
Periapts, amulets; V. iii. 2.
Period, end; IV. ii. 17.
Peruse, examine; IV. ii. 43.
Pitch, height; II. iii. 55.
Pitch a field; "from the custom of planting sharp staves in the ground against the hostile horse came the signification of marshalling, arranging in a military sense" (Schmidt); III. i. 103.
Pithless, without pith, strengthless; II v. 11.
Platforms, plans, schemes; II. i. 77.
Play'd, played the part; I. vi. 16.
Post, hasten, speed; V. v. 87.
Potter's wheel; I. v. 19. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a figure on the badge worn by the Master of the Guild of Potters at Mayence (*c.* 1600), in the Londesborough collection.

Practisants, fellow plotters (Hanmer, "*partisans*"); III. ii. 20.
Practise, contrive, plot; II. i. 25.
Preferr'd, presented; III. i. 10.
Presently, immediately; I. ii. 149.

Pretend, mean, indicate (Rowe, "*Portend*"); IV. i. 54.
Prevented, anticipated; IV. i. 71.
Proditor, traitor; I. iii. 31.
Proper, handsome, comely; V. iii. 37.
Purblind, half blind; II. iv. 21.
Pursuivants, forerunners, inferior heralds; II. v. 5.
Puzzel, hussy; I. iv. 107.
Pyramis, pyramid (Rowe, "*pyramid*"); I. vi. 21.

Quaint, fine, pleasant; IV. i. 102.
Quell, destroy; I. i. 163.
Qui est là (Malone's emendation of "*Che la*" of the Folios; Rowe, "*Qui va là?*"); III. ii. 13.
Quillets, tricks in argument, subtleties; II. iv. 17.
Quittance, requite, retaliate; II. i. 14.

Raging-wood, raving mad; IV. vii. 35.
Rascal-like, like lean and worthless deer; IV. ii. 49.
Reflex, let shine, reflect (Warburton, "*reflect*"); V. iv. 87.
Regard; "your r."; *i.e.* care for your own safety; IV. v. 22.
Reguerdon, reward; III. i. 170.
Remorse, pity; V. iv. 97.
Repugn, oppose; IV. i. 94.
Resolved, convinced, satisfied; III. iv. 20.
Rests, remains; II. i. 75.
Revolve on, be assured of; I. ii. 91.
Rive, discharge (Johnson, "*drive*"; Vaughan, "*rain*"); IV. ii. 29.
Rope; "a rope! a rope!" a cry often taught to parrots, in order to turn a joke against the passer-by; I. iii. 53.
Ruin, fall; IV. vii. 10.

Scruple, doubtful perplexity; V. iii. 93.
Secure, unsuspecting, confident; II. i. 11.
Shot, marksmen; I. iv. 53.
Sirrah, an appellation addressed to inferior persons; III. i. 62.
Smear'd, stained, smirched (Vaughan, "*snared*"); IV. vii. 3.
Solicit, rouse, stir up, *vide* Note; V. iii. 190.
Sort, choose; II. iii. 27.
Spend, expend, vent; I. ii. 16.
Spleen, fire, impetuosity; IV. vi. 13.
Stand, withstand, resist; I. i. 123.
Stern; "chiefest stern," highest place; I. i. 177.
Still, continually; I. iii. 63.
Stomachs, resentment; I. iii. 90.
Subscribe, submit, yield; II. iv. 44.
Swart, swarthy, dark-complexioned; I. ii. 84.
Sweeting, a term of endearment; III. iii. 21.

Taint, tainted; V. iii. 183.
Talbotites, name given to the English in contempt (Theobald's emendation of Folios, "*Talbonites*"; Hanmer, "*Talbotines*"); III. ii. 28.
Tawny coats, coats of a yellowish dark colour, the usual livery of ecclesiastical attendants; I. iii. 47.
Temper, quality, hardness; II. iv. 13.
Tendering, having care for (Tyrwhitt, "*Tending*"; Beckett, "*Fending*"); IV. vii. 10.
Timeless, untimely; V. iv. 5.
To, compared to, to equal; III. ii. 25.
Tomyris, the Queen of the Massagetoe, by whom Cyrus was slain; II. iii. 6.
Toy, trifle; IV. i. 145.
Traffic, transaction; V. iii. 164.
Train'd, lured; II. iii. 35.
Triumph, tournament; V. v. 31.

Unable, weak, impotent; IV. v. 4.
Unaccustom'd, unusual, extraordinary; III. i. 93.
Unavoided, inevitable; IV. v. 8.
Unawares, by surprise; III. ii. 39.
Unfallible, infallible, certain (Rowe, "*infallible*"); I. ii. 59.
Unkind, unnatural; IV. i. 193.
Unready, undressed; II. i. 39.

Vail, lower, let fall (Folios 1, 2, "*vale*"); V. iii. 25.
Vantage, advantage, "for v." to take your time; IV. v. 28.
Vaward, vanguard; Folios, "*Vauward*"; Theobald conj. "*rereward*" (but probably "vaward" = "in the front line of his own troop"); I. i. 132.

Walloon, a native of the border-country between the Netherlands and France (Folios 1, 2, "*Wallon*"); I. i. 137.
Warrantize, surety; I. iii. 13.
Washford, an old name of Wexford, in Ireland; IV. vii. 63.
Weening, deeming, thinking; II. v. 88.
Where, whereas (Pope, "*While*"); V. v. 47.
Will'd, commanded; I. iii. 10.
Winchester goose, a cant term for a swelling in the groin, the result of disease; I. iii. 53.
Witting, knowing; II. v. 16.
Wont, are wont, accustomed (Folios, "*Went*"; Vaughan, "*Won*"; Hanmer, "*Watch*"); I. iv. 10.
Wooden; "a w. thing," "an awkward business, not likely to succeed" (Steevens); V. iii. 89.
Worthless, unworthy; IV. iv. 21.
Wot, know; IV. vi. 32.
Writhled, wrinkled; II. iii. 23.

Yield, admit; II. iv. 42.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 3. '*crystal,*' unnecessarily changed by Hanmer to '*crisped*'; Warburton, '*cristed*' or '*crested*'; Roderick, '*tristful tresses in the sky,*' or 'tresses in the crystal sky.'

I. i. 6. '*King Henry the Fifth*'; Pope, '*Henry the Fifth*'; Walker, '*King Henry Fifth*'; Pope's reading has been generally followed by modern editors.

I. i. 12. '*wrathful*'; Rowe, '*awful.*'

I. i. 24. '*glory's*'; Folios, '*Glories.*'

I. i. 27. '*By magic verses have contrived his end*'; alluding to the old notion "that life might be taken away by metrical charms" (Johnson). Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Verse*'; Pope, '*verse have thus.*'

I. i. 33. '*had not*'; Vaughan proposed '*had but*' (but *cp.* lines 41-43).

I. i. 49. '*moist*'; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, '*moistned.*'

I. i. 56. '*or bright* ——'; various attempts have been made to fill up the blank, which some editors explain as due to the inability of the compositor to read the name in the MS.; Francis Drake, Berenice, Cassiopeia, Alexander, etc., have been suggested. Probably the speech is interrupted by the entrance of the messenger.

I. i. 60. '*Rheims*'; Folios, '*Rheimes*'; evidently intended as a dissyllable; but Capell's '*Rheims, Roan,*' derives some support from the fact that *Roan, i.e. Rouen,* is mentioned by Gloucester in line 65 (Cambridge ed.).

I. i. 65. '*Rouen*'; Folio 1, '*Roan.*'

I. i. 76. '*A third*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*A third man*'; Walker, '*A third one*'; Delius, '*A third thinketh*'; Keightley, '*A third thinks that*'; Dyce, '*And a third thinks,*' etc. Surely a simpler solution of the difficulty is to read '*third*' as a dissyllable with a trilled *r.*

I. i. 78. '*Awake, awake*'; Folio 2, '*Awake, away.*'

I. i. 83. '*their*'; Theobald's emendation; Folios, '*her*'; Anon. conj., '*our.*'

I. i. 94. *'Reignier'*; Rowe's emendation of *'Reynold'* of the Folios.

I. i. 95. *'The Duke of Alençon'*; Walker omits *'of,'* to improve the rhythm of the line.

I. i. 96. *'crowned'*; Rowe's emendation; *'crown'd,'* the reading of the Folios.

I. i. 124. *'flew,'* Rowe's correction; Folios, *'slew.'*

I. i. 128. *'A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain.'* The line has been variously emended as being defective, metrically. Pope, *'A Talbot! Talbot! cried'*; Seymour, *'A Talbot! cried, a Talbot!'*; Vaughan, *'Talbot! a Talbot! cried.'* If, however, *'cried'* is read as a dissyllable, the movement of the line is parallel to that of *'prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,'* in Richard II. iv., and no correction seems necessary—

A Tálbot! | A Tálbot! | crí | ed bút | amáin | .

I. i. 131. *'Sir John Fastolfe'*; Theobald's emendation here and elsewhere of Folios, *'Sir John Falstaffe'*; but in all probability Falstaff was the popular form of the name, and it is questionable whether the text should be altered here. "He was a lieutenant-general, deputy regent to the Duke of Bedford in Normandy, and a Knight of the Garter."

I. i. 176. *'steal,'* Mason's conjecture; Folio, *'send'*; Keightley, *'fetch.'*

I. ii. 1. *'Mars his true moving'*; *cp.* "You are as ignorant in the true *movings* of my muse as the astronomers are in the *true movings of Mars,* which to this day they could not attain to," quoted by Steevens from one of Nash's prefaces to *'Gabriel Harvey's Hunt's Up,'* 1596. Kepler's work on Mars (*Comment. de Motibus Stellæ Martis*) was published in 1609.

I. ii. 13. *'live'*; Capell, *'sit'*; Walker, *'lie.'*

I. ii. 30. *'bred'*; Folios, *'breed.'*

I. ii. 56. *'nine sibyls of old Rome.'* The number of the Sibyls is variously given as three, four, seven, ten; possibly the 'nine' is here due to confusion with the nine Sibylline books.

I. ii. 86. *'which you see,'* reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'which you may see.'*

I. ii. 99. *'five'*; Folios, *'fine.'*

I. ii. 101. *'Out of a great deal of old iron'*; Dyce's conjecture, *'out of a deal old iron,'* seems the best of the emendations proposed.

I. ii. 103. *'ne'er fly from a man'*; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4,

'ne're flye no man'; Collier MS., *'ne'er fly from no man'*; there was probably some jingle intended:—

CHAR. *Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.*
PUC. *And while I live, I 'll ne'er fly from no man.*

I. ii. 108. *'thy desire'* = desire for thee.

I. ii. 131. *'Expect Saint Martin's summer'*; "expect prosperity after misfortune, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun" (Johnson). St. Martin's Day is November 11th.

I. ii. 138. *'That proud insulting ship, Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once,'* evidently suggested by the following passage in North's translation of Plutarch's "Life of Cæsar":—"Cæsar hearing that, straight discovered himself unto the master of the pynnace, who at first was amazed when he saw him; but Cæsar, then taking him by the hand, said unto him, good fellow, be of good cheer, . . . and fear not, for *thou hast Cæsar and his fortune with thee.*"

I. ii. 140. *'Mahomet inspired with a dove'*; *cp.* "he (Mahomet) used to feed (a dove) with wheat out of his ear; which dove, when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find its breakfast; Mahomet persuading the rude and simple Arabians that it was the Holy Ghost that gave him advice" (Raleigh's "History of the World"), I. i. vi.

I. ii. 143. *'Saint Philip's daughters'*; "the four daughters of Philip mentioned in the Acts" (Hanmer).

The Duke of Gloster.
From a XVIIth century engraving, the original of which was at that time in a painted window at Greenwich.

I. ii. 145. *'reverently worship'*; Capell, *'ever worship'*; Steevens, *'reverence, worship'*; Dyce (Collier MS.), *'reverent worship'*; the last seems the only plausible reading.

I. ii. 148. *'Orleans,'* Folios, *'Orleance'*; Capell, *'hence.'*

I. iii. 4. *''tis Gloucester'*; Pope's emendation; Folios, *''tis Gloster'*; Steevens, *'it is Gloster,'* etc.; *cp.* l. 62 below, where Folios similarly read *'Gloster.'*

I. iii. 29. *'ambitious Humphry'*; Folio 4, *'ambition'*; *'Humphry,'* Theobald's emendation; Folio 1, *'Vmpheir'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Umpire.'*

I. iii. 35. *'indulgence to sin'*; "the public stews were formerly under the

jurisdiction of the bishop of Winchester" (Pope).

I. iii. 72. *'as e'er thou canst; Cry'*; Folios, *'as e'er thou canst, cry'*; Collier MS., *'as thou canst cry.'*

I. iii. 82. *'cost,'* Folios 2, 3, 4, *'deare cost.'*

I. iii. 88. *'it ere long'*; so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *'it e're be long'*; Capell, *'it, ere't be long'*; Collier MS., *'it off, ere long'*; Orson, *'at it.'*

I. iv. 22. *'on the turrets,'* Folios, *'in an upper chamber of a tower'* (Malone).

I. iv. 27. *'Duke'*; Theobald's emendation of *'Earle'* of the Folios.

I. iv. 33. *'so vile-esteem'd'*; Pope, *'so vilde esteem'd'*; Folios, *'so pil'd esteem'd'*; Capell, *'so pill'd esteem'd'*; Mason, *'so ill-esteem'd,'* etc.

I. iv. 95. *'like thee, Nero,'* Malone; Folio 1, *'like thee'*; Folio 2, *'Nero like will'*; Folios 3, 4, *'Nero like, will'*; Pope, *'Nero-like,'* etc.

I. iv. 101. *Joan la Pucelle'*; Folios, *'Joan de Puzel'* (and elsewhere).

I. v. 6. *'Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch'*; "the superstition of those times taught that he that could draw the witch's blood was free from her power" (Johnson).

I. v. 21. *'like Hannibal,'* who, in order to escape, devised the stratagem of fixing lighted twigs to the horns of oxen. (*Cp.* Livy, xxii. 16.)

I. v. 30. *'treacherous from'*; so Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, *'treacherous from'*; Pope, *'tim'rous from.'*

I. vi. 2. *'English'* (trisyllabic), so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'English wolves'*; Staunton, *'English dogs.'*

I. vi. 6. *'Adonis' gardens.'* "The proverb alluded to seems always to have been used in a bad sense, for things which make a fair show for a few days, and then wither away; but the author of this play, desirous of making a show of his learning, without considering its propriety, has made the Dauphin apply it as an encomium" (Blakeway). *Cp. Faerie Queen,* III. vi. 29; Folio 1, *'Garden.'*

I. vi. 22. *'Than Rhodope's or Memphis','* Hanmer's emendation; Folios, *'or Memphis'*; Capell's *'of Memphis'* has been generally adopted. Pliny, writing of the pyramids near Memphis, records that "the fairest and most commended for workmanship was built at the cost and charges of *one Rhodope,* a verie strumpet."

I. vi. 25. *'the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius'*; referred to by

Plutarch in his "Life of Alexander," as the "preciousest thing, and the richest that was gotten of all spoyls and riches, taken at the overthrow of Darius . . . he said he would put the Iliads of Homer into it, as the worthiest thing."

II. i. 8. *'redoubted Burgundy'*; Duke of Burgundy, surnamed Philip the Good.

II. i. 29. *'all together'*; Rowe's emendation of *'altogether'* of Folios.

II. i. 40. *'ay, and glad'*; Folios, *'I and glad'*; Pope, *'I am glad.'*

II. i. 63. *'your quarters'*; *'your,'* so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'our'*; *'quarters'*; so Folios 1, 2, 3; Folio 4, *'Quarter.'*

II. ii. 20. *'Arc,'* Rowe's emendation of *'Acre'* of Folios.

II. ii. 38. *'Auvergne'*; Rowe's emendation of Folio 1, *'Ouergne'*; Folios 2, 3, *'Auergne'*; Folio 4, *'Avergne.'*

II. iii. 49. *'I substance'*; Vaughan proposed to read, *'I shadow, aye and substance.'*

II. iv. 6. *'in the error'*; Johnson (adopted by Capell), *'i' the right'*; Hudson, *'in error.'*

The Temple Garden.
From Aggas's woodcut *Map of London*, preserved in Guildhall.

II. iv. 83. *'His grandfather was Lionel, Duke of Clarence'*; this is erroneous; Duke Lionel was his maternal great-great-grandfather.

II. iv. 91. *'executed'*; Pope, *'headed'*; Steevens, *'execute'* (probably to be read as a dissyllable).

II. iv. 117. *'wiped'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'wip't'*; Folio 1, *'whipt.'*

II. iv. 127. *'a thousand'*; Collier MS., *'Ten thousand.'*

II. iv. 132. *'gentle sir'*; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'gentle.'* Anon conj. *'gentlemen.'*

II. iv. *The Temple Garden.* (*Cp.* illustration.)

II. v. *'enter Mortimer'*; Edmund Mortimer served under Henry V. in 1422, and died in his castle in Ireland in 1424.

II. v. 6. *'an age of care'*; Collier MS., *'a cage of care.'*

II. v. 74. *'For by my mother I derived am'*; 'mother' should strictly be 'grandmother,' *i.e.* his father's mother.

II. v. 113. *'fair be all'*; Theobald, *'fair befal.'*

II. v. 123. *'choked with ambition of the meaner sort,' i.e.* "shifted by the ambition of those whose right to the crown was inferior to his own" (Clarke).

II. v. 129. *'ill the advantage'*; *'ill,'* Theobald's emendation of *'will'* of the Folios. Collier MS., *'will the advancer.'*

III. i. 53. *'Ay, see'*; Rowe's emendation of *'I, see'* of the Folios; Hanmer, *'I'll see.'*

III. i. 142. *'kind'*; Pope, *'gentle'*; Capell, *'kind, kind'*; Collier MS., *'and kind'*; probably the line should be read:—

"O loving úncle. || Kind Dúke | of Glóucestér."

III. i. 199. *'lose,'* should lose; Folio 1, *'loose'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'should lose.'*

III. ii. 14. *'Paysans, pauvres gens de France'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'Peasauns la pouure,'* etc.

III. ii. 40. *'the pride'*; Theobald, *'the prize'*; Hanmer, *'being prize'*; Jackson, *'the bride'*; Vaughan, *'the gripe.'*

III. ii. 52. *"all despite'*; Collier MS., *'hell's despite.'*

III. ii. 73. *'God be wi' you'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'God b' uy.'*

III. ii. 118. *'and martial'*; Collier MS., *'and matchless'*; Vaughan, *'unmatchable.'*

III. iii. 85. *'Done like a Frenchman: turn, and turn again'*; "the inconstancy of the French was always a subject of satire. I have read a dissertation to prove that the index of the wind upon

our steeples was made in form of a cock to ridicule the French for their frequent changes" (Johnson).

III. iv. 18. *'I do remember'*; "Henry was but nine months old when his father died, and never even saw him" (Malone).

III. iv. 38. *'the law of arms is such'*; "By the ancient law before the Conquest, fighting in the king's palace, or before the king's judges, was punished with death. And by Statute 33, Henry VIII., malicious striking in the king's palace, whereby blood is drawn, is punishable by perpetual imprisonment and fine at the king's pleasure, and also with the loss of the offender's right hand" (Blackstone).

IV. i. 19. *'at the battle of Patay'*; Capell's emendation (adopted by Malone) of *'Poictiers'* of the Folios. The battle of Poictiers was fought 1357; the date of the present scene is 1428.

IV. i. 180. *'And if I wist he did,'* Capell; Folios, *'And if I wish he did'*; Rowe, *'And if I wish he did.—'*; Theobald (in text), *'An if I wis he did.—'*; (in note), *'And if I wis, he did.—'*; Johnson, *'And if—I wish—he did—'* or *'And if he did,—I wish—'*; Steevens, *'And, if I wist, he did,—.'*

IV. ii. 14. *'their love'*; Hanmer, *'our love.'*

IV. ii. 22. *'war'*; Capell, *'death.'*

IV. ii. 26. *'spoil'*; Vaughan, *'steel.'*

IV. iii. 51. *'That ever living man of memory,' i.e.* that ever man of living memory. Lettsom, *'man of ever-living.'*

IV. iv. 16. *'legions,'* Rowe's emendation of Folios *'Regions.'*

IV. iv. 19. *'in advantage lingering'*; Staunton, *'in disadvantage ling'ring'*; Lettsom, *'in disvantage lingering'*; Vaughan, *'disadvantage ling'ring.'* Johnson explains the phrase, "Protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post"; Malone, "Endeavouring by every means, with advantage to himself, to linger out the action."

IV. iv. 31. *'host'*; so Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, *'hoast'*; Theobald's conjecture (adopted by Hanmer), *'horse.'*

IV. iv. 42. *'rescue: he is'*; Folios 1, 2, *'rescue, he is'*; Folios 3, 4, *'rescue, if he is'*; Rowe (ed. 1), *'rescue, if he's'*; (ed. 2), *'rescue, he's'*; Pope, *'rescue now, he's.'*

IV. v. 39. *'shame'*; Walker, *'sham'd.'*

IV. vi. 44. *'On that advantage,'* so the Folios; Theobald conjectured *'On that bad vantage,'* but subsequently read, *'Out on that vantage'*; Hanmer, *'Oh! what advantage'*; Vaughan, *'Oh hated vantage!'* etc.

IV. vii. 3.

'Triumphant Death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee';

the phrase *'smear'd with captivity'* has not been clearly explained; at first sight it is difficult to determine its exact force, and whether the words refer to Death or to the speaker (Talbot). Leo explains that 'Death is supposed to go triumphantly over the battle field, *smeared* with the *terrible* aspect of captivity'; but possibly the reference is to the Christian belief that Christ took Death captive. Death the Victor is, from this point of view, Death the Victim; it is, as it were, unconsciously smeared (*i.e.* smirched) with the wretched (not the *terrible*) aspect of captivity.

IV. vii. 60. *'But where's'*; so Folios; Rowe, *'Where is'*; Lettsom proposed *'First, where's.'*

IV. vii. 70. *'Henry'*; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'our King Henry.'* The line is probably to be read:—

'Great mareshal to Henery the Sixth.'

V. i. 17. *'Knit,'* the reading of the Folios; Pope first suggested *'kin,'* which was also adopted by Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson; Capell restored *'knit,'* which was adopted by Steevens and Malone. The Cambridge editions see in *'knit'* "a conceit suggested by the 'Knot of amity' in the preceding line."

V. i. 21. *'Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young!'* Pope reads, *'Marriage, alas! my years are yet too young'*; Capell, *'Marriage, good uncle! alas, my years are young'*; Walker, *'Marriage, uncle, 'las my years are young.'*

V. i. 21. *'My years are young'*; "His majesty was, however, twenty-four years old" (Malone).

V. i. 49. *'where inshipp'd'*; the reading of Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, *'wherein ship'd'*; Folio 3, *'wherein shipp'd.'*

V. iii. 10. *'speedy and quick'*; Pope, *'speedy quick'*; Walker, *'speed and quick.'* *'argues'*; Vaughan, *'urges.'*

V. iii. 10. *'cull'd'*; Collier MS., *'call'd.'*

V. iii. 11. *'regions'*; Folios, *'Regions'*; Warburton, *'legions.'*

V. iii. 48, 49. *'I kiss . . . side'*; Capell and other editors transpose these lines:—*'And lay . . . side. I kiss . . .* [kissing her hand] *. . . peace.'*

V. iii. 57. *'Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings'*; Folios 1, 2, *'prisoner'*; Folios 3, 4, *'prisoners'*; Vaughan, *'pris-*

oned'; *'her wings,'* Folios 3, 4; Folio 1, *'his wings'*; Folio 2, *'hir wings'*; Vaughan, *'its wings.'*

V. iii. 63. *'Twinkling another counterfeited beam'*; Vaughan, *'Kindling another counterfeited beam'*; or *'Twinkling in other counterfeited beams.'*

V. iii. 68. *'Hast not a tongue? is she not here?'* Anon. conj., *'tongue to speak?' 'here?'*; Folio 1, *'heere?'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'heere thy prisoner'*; Keightley, *'here alone'*; Lettsom, *'here in place,'* or *'here beside thee'*; Vaughan, *'present here.'*

V. iii. 71. *'makes the senses rough'*; so the Folios; Hanmer, *'makes the senses crouch'*; Capell, *'make . . . crouch'*; Jackson, *'makes the senses touch'*; Collier MS., *'mocks the sense of touch.'*

V. iii. 78, 79. *'She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd,'* etc. These lines were evidently proverbial; *cp. Richard III.*, I. ii. 228, 230, and *Titus Andronicus*, II. i. 82, 83.

V. iii. 108. *'Lady'*; Capell, *'Nay, hear me, lady'*; Collier MS., *'Lady, pray tell me'*; Lettsom, *'Lady, sweet lady'*; Dyce, *'I prithee, lady.'*

V. iii. 145. *'And here I will expect thy coming'*; Dyce, *'here, my lord'*; Folio 4, *'coming'*; Folios 1, 2, 3, *'comming'*; Capell, *'coming, Reignier'*; Collier MS., *'coming down'*; Anon. conj., *'coming, king'*; Anon. conj., *'communing.'*

V. iii. 154. *'country'*; so the Folios; Theobald, *'counties'*; Capell, *'countries'*; Malone, *'county.'*

V. iii. 179. *'modestly'*; Folio 1, *'modestie.'*

V. iii. 192. *'And natural'*; Perring, *'Maid-natural'*; Capell, *'And'*; Folio 1, *'Mad'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Made'*; Pope, *'Her'*; Collier, *''Mid'*; Jackson conj. *'Man'*; Barry, *'Made'*; Vaughan, *'Mild.'*

V. iv. 37. *'Not me begotten'*; Anon. conj., *'Me, not begotten'*; Malone, *'Not one begotten'*; Anon conj., *'Not mean-begotten.'*

V. iv. 49. *'No, misconceived!'* so Steevens; Folios, 1, 2, 3, *'No misconceived,'* Folio 4, *'no misconceived Joan'*; Capell, *'No, misconceivers'*; Vaughan, *'No, misconceited!'*

V. iv. 121. *'Poison'd'*; Theobald, *'prison'd.'*

V. iv. 150. *'Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?'* "Do you stand to compare your present state, a state which you have neither right nor power to maintain, with the terms which we offer?" (Johnson).

V. v. 39. *'Yes, my lord'*; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Yes, my good lord'*; Anon. conj., *'Yes, yes, my lord,'* or *'Why, yes, my*

lord'; Dyce, *'O, yes, my lord'*; Vaughan, *'Yes, my lord—more.'*

V. v. 55. *'Marriage'*; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, read *'But marriage'*; perhaps we should read *'marriage.'*

V. v. 64. *'bringeth,'* the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'bringeth forth'*; perhaps the difficulty of the line is due to the quadrisyllabic nature of the word 'contrary' = 'cónterary.'

V. v. 90. *'To cross'*; Walker, *'Across.'*

Joan la Pucelle (I. iv. 101, etc.)
From the painting in the Town Hall of Rouen.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

[1-7.] These opening lines—which Coleridge more than intimates that only asinine stupidity could attribute to Shakespeare—might, as well as other passages in the three parts of *Henry VI.*, have provoked from Greene taunts of the author's ability "to bumbast out a blanke verse," and here at the outset we give the well-known literary curiosity left by the great Poet's fellow dramatist:—

To those Gentlemen, his Quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making Plaies, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisdom to prevent his extremities.

Thou famous gracer of Tragedians, . . . young Juvenall, that byting Satyrist, . . . and thou no less deserving than the other two. . . . Base-minded men al three of you, if by my miserie ye be not warned, for unto none of you (like me) sought those burres to cleave: those Puppets (I mean) that speake from our mouths, those anticks garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholding; is it not like that you, to whom they all have been beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both at once of them forsaken? Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide,* supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Iohannes fac totum,* is in his own conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrie. O that I might

intreate your rare wits to be imployed in more profitable courses: and let these Apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions.

—*Greene's Groatsworth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance* (*written before his death* [1592], *and published at his dying request*).

Brandes says that "the allusion to Shakespeare's name is unequivocal, and the words about the tiger's heart point to the outburst, 'O Tyger's hart wrapt in a serpents hide!' which is found in two places: first in the play called *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Death of the good King Henrie the Sixt,* and then (with 'womans' substituted for 'serpents'), in the third part of *King Henry VI.,* founded on the *True Tragedie,* and attributed to Shakespeare. It is preposterous to interpret this passage as an attack upon Shakespeare in his quality as an actor; Greene's words, beyond all doubt, convey an accusation of literary dishonesty. Everything points to the belief that Greene and Marlowe had collaborated in the older play, but that the former saw with disgust the success achieved by Shakespeare's adaptation of their text."

1. *Hung be the heavens with black*:—The upper part of the stage was in Shakespeare's time technically called *the heavens,* and was used to be *hung with black* when tragedies were performed.

3. *your crystal tresses*:—The epithet *crystal* was often applied to *comets* by the old writers. So in a sonnet by Lord Sterline, 1604: "Whenas those *crystal comets* whiles appear."

17. [*Exeter.*] Thomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter, was son to John of Ghent by Catharine Swynford; born out of wedlock, but legitimated along with three other children in the time of Richard II. Of course therefore he was great-uncle to King Henry VI. At the death of Henry V. he was appointed governor of the infant king, which office he held till his death in 1425. The dramatist, however, prolongs his life till 1444, the period of Part I. Holinshed calls him "a right sage and discreet counsellor." The name Beaufort was derived from the place of his birth, which was Beaufort Castle in France.

28. [*Winchester.*] Henry Beaufort, known in history as "the great Bishop of Winchester," was brother to the Duke of Exeter. At this time he held the office of chancellor, and was associated with Exeter in the governing of the infant sovereign. The quar-

rel between him and his nephew, the Duke of Gloucester, did not break out till 1425, though it had been brewing in secret for some time. In 1427 he was advanced by Pope Martin to the office of cardinal. The matter is related by Holinshed.

Scene II.

1 *et seq.* In the second Scene Shakespeare brings us at once into the heart of the extraordinary circumstances in which the final discomfiture of the English commenced—the appearance of Joan of Arc before Orleans, and the marvellous success which attended that appearance. There was a real interval of nearly seven years between the events of the first Scene and of the second. Henry V. died on the 31st of August, 1422; Joan of Arc entered Orleans in April, 1429. Here, then, begins the true dramatic action of this play. The preceding Scene is in the nature of a prologue, and is the keynote of what is to follow.

30. *Olivers and Rowlands*:—These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are the theme of old romances. From the equally doughty and unheard-of exploits of these champions arose the saying of *Giving a Rowland for an Oliver,* for giving a person as good as he brings.

98-101. *sword . . . chose forth*:—This is taken from the chronicler: "Then at the Dolphins sending by hir assignement, from Saint Katharins church of Fierbois in Touraine, where she never had beene, in a secret place there among old iron, appointed she hir sword to be sought out and brought hir, that with five floure delices was graven on both sides, wherewith she fought, and did manie slaughters by hir owne hands."

150. [*Exeunt.*] The matter of this Scene is thus related by Holinshed: "In time of this siege at Orleance, French stories saie, unto Charles the Dolphin at Chinon was caried a yoong wench of an eighteene yeeres old called Joan Arc, borne at Domprin upon Meuse in Loraine. Of favour was she counted likesome, of person stronglie made and manlie, of courage great, hardie, and stout withall, an understander of counsels though she were not at them, great semblance of chastitie both of bodie and behaviour, the name of Jesus in hir mouth about all hir businesses, humble, obedient, and fasting diverse daies in the weeke. Unto the Dolphin in his gallerie when first she was brought, and he shadowing himselfe behind, setting other gaie

lords before him to trie hir cunning, she pickt him out alone, who thereupon had her to the end of the gallerie, where she held him an houre in secret and private talke, that of his privie chamber was thought verie long, and therefore would have broken it off; but he made them a sign to let hir saie on."

Scene III.

34. *to murder our dead lord*:—One of Gloucester's charges against Cardinal Beaufort was that, when Henry V. was Prince of Wales, the Cardinal plotted for his assassination in the palace of Westminster, where the prince was lodged.

39, 40. *This be Damascus*, etc.:—The allusion here is well explained by a passage in *The Travels of Sir John Mandeville*: "In that place where Damascus was founded, Kayn sloughe Abel his brother." And Ritson has another of like drift from the *Polychronicon*: "Damascus is as much as to say shedding of blood; for there Chaym slew Abel, and hid him in the sand."

47. *Blue coats to tawny coats*:—It appears from this, that Gloucester's servants wore *blue coats*, and Winchester's *tawny*. Such was the usual livery of servants in the Poet's time, and long before. Stowe informs us that on a certain occasion the Bishop of London "was attended on by a goodly company of gentlemen in *tawny* coats."

91. [*Exeunt.*] The account of this stormy brawl, as given in the old chronicles, runs substantially thus: The duke being absent a while, the bishop caused the Tower to be garrisoned, and committed to the care of Richard Woodville, with orders "to admit no one more powerful than himself." The duke, at his return, demanding lodgings in the Tower, and being refused, forthwith ordered the mayor to close the gates of the city against the bishop, and to furnish him with five hundred horsemen, that he might visit in safety the young King at Eltham. The next morning the bishop's retainers undertook to burst open the gate on the bridge, and placed archers in the houses on each side of the road, declaring that, as their lord was excluded from the city, so they would keep the duke from leaving it.

Scene IV.

95. *Plantagenet*:—This looks as if the dramatist thought Salisbury's name Plantagenet, while in fact it was Thomas Montacute.

"This earle," says Holinshed, "was the man at that time by whose wit, strength, and policie, the English name was much terrible to the French; which of himselfe might both appoint, command, and doo all things in manner at his pleasure; for suerlie he was both painefull, diligent, and ready to withstand all dangerous chances that were in hand, prompt in counsell, and of courage invincible; so that in no one man men put more trust, nor any singular person wan the harts so much of all men."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

8. *redoubted Burgundy*:—This duke succeeded to the title in 1419, at which time his father was murdered. The murder was one of the darkest deeds done in that land of perfidy and blood. In pursuance of a special arrangement the victim went to confer with the Dauphin at Montereau. At his coming he found that three barriers, each having a gate, had been drawn across the bridge, and was told that the Dauphin had been waiting for him more than an hour. Having with twelve attendants passed two of the gates, which were quickly locked behind him, he there bent his knee to the Dauphin, who had come forth to meet him; and, while addressing him in that posture, was struck in the face with an axe by one of the Dauphin's servants, and before he could make any defence, a multitude of wounds laid him dead on the ground. This rare piece of atrocity had the effect of binding his son Philip in close alliance with England, which was further strengthened and prolonged by the marriage of Bedford with his sister in 1423. Her death, which occurred in 1432, greatly loosened the bonds between her brother and the regent. At length, under the mediation of the pope, a congress of English, French, and Burgundian ambassadors was held at Arras in 1435, which ended in a reconciliation of Burgundy and the Dauphin, who had then succeeded to the crown of France. The Poet represents the detaching of Burgundy from England to have been brought about by Joan of Arc; for which the only historical ground is that Joan wrote a letter to the duke urging upon him the course which he afterwards took.

78. [*They fly.*] This retaking of Orleans is a fiction of the dramatist's. In fact, little advance was made towards taking the

city after the death of Salisbury; though (according to Holinshed) Talbot, Fastolfe, and others, "caused bastilles to be made round about the citie, and left nothing unattempted, that might advance their purpose." Thenceforth the siege was turned into a blockade, but supplies and reinforcements were still received into the place. After Joan and her convoy entered the town, which was in April, 1429, the English did not stir from their entrenchments; and in May they gave over and withdrew.

Scene II.

38. *Countess of Auvergne*:—As Ulrici has observed, the dramatist required a definite centre for the war represented in this play, which centre was after all furnished historically by the life and death of Talbot; and Ulrici adds: "In order to bring this centre more prominently forward, and to throw more glory upon the English popular hero, Shakespeare has also interwoven the story of the Countess of Auvergne, which the *Chronicles* have left unreported, but which popular tradition probably put into the Poet's hands. At all events, the story has quite the character of a traditional anecdote."

Scene III.

[*The Countess's castle.*] Hudson says that "of whole scenes, the third in Act II., between old Talbot and the Countess of Auvergne, is in the conception and the execution a genuine stroke of Shakespearian art, full of dramatic spirit, and making a strong point of stage effect in the most justifiable sense."

Scene IV.

[*The Temple-garden.*] Hudson says that in this Scene "we have a concentration of true dramatic life issuing in a series of forcible and characteristic flashes, where every word tells with singular effect both as a development of present temper and a germ of many tragic events. And, on the higher principles of art, how fitting it was that this outburst of smothered rage, this distant ominous grumbling of the tempest, should be followed by the subdued and plaintive tones that issue from the prison of the aged Mortimer, where we have the very spring and cause of the

gathering storm discoursed in a strain of melancholy music and a virtual sermon of revenge and slaughter breathed from dying lips." Herford calls this "the most Shakespearian scene of all, which, in fact, links the first part most signally with the sequel," but he adds that it "cannot be conclusively held to have been designed as such a link; for the situation is repeated (with far inferior power) in *2 Henry VI.*, II. ii., where Warwick once more listens to the case for York. It is more plausible to suppose that II. iv. was originally designed to give cohesion to the Talbot play, by explaining the animosity of Somerset to which Talbot owes his fall."

1. [*Plantagenet.*] This Richard Plantagenet was son of the earl of Cambridge who was overtaken in a plot against the life of Henry V., and executed at Southampton. That earl was a younger brother of Edward Duke of York, who fell at the battle of Agincourt, and had no child to succeed him. So that on his father's side Richard was grandson to Edmund of Langley, the fourth son of Edward III. His mother was Anne, sister of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, and great-granddaughter to Lionel, Duke of Clarence, who was the second son of Edward III. In 1425, the fourth year of Henry VI., Richard was restored to the rights and titles that had been forfeited by his father, and was made Duke of York. After the death of Bedford, in 1435, he succeeded him as regent of France; was recalled two years later, and appointed again in 1441. Some three years after, being supplanted in that office by his rival, the Duke of Somerset, he took the government of Ireland instead, from whence he began to stretch forth his hand to the crown.

10. [*Somerset.*] The Earl of Somerset at this time was John Beaufort, grandson to John of Ghent by Catharine Swynford, and of course nephew to the Duke of Exeter and the Bishop of Winchester. He was afterwards advanced to the rank of duke, and died in 1432, leaving his title to his brother Edmund; his only surviving child being Margaret, who was married to the Earl of Richmond, and thence became the mother of Henry VII. So that there were two Dukes of Somerset in the time of this play, though the author does not distinguish them; or rather he prolongs the life of John several years beyond its actual date.

11. [*Warwick.*] This Earl of Warwick was Richard Beauchamp, surnamed the Good. He was esteemed the greatest of the captains formed in the great school of Henry V. After the death of Exeter, he was appointed governor of the young King in 1426.

When York was first recalled from the regency of France, in 1437, Warwick succeeded him, with the title of Lieutenant-general and Governor of France, and died at Rouen in May, 1439. The dramatist, however, keeps him alive till the end of the play, or at least does not distinguish him from Henry, who succeeded him.

86. *the place's privilege*:—It does not appear that the *Temple* had any privilege of sanctuary at this time, being then, as now, the residence of law students. The author might imagine it to have derived some such privilege from the Knights Templars, or Knights Hospitalers, both religious orders, its former inhabitants. It is true, blows may have been prohibited by the regulations of the society: the author perhaps did not much consider the matter, but represents it as suited his purpose.

Scene V.

[*Enter Mortimer.*] This Scene is at variance with history. Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, who was trusted and employed by Henry V. throughout his reign, died of the plague in his own castle at Trim, in Ireland, in 1424, being then only thirty-two years old. His uncle, Sir John Mortimer, was indeed a prisoner in the Tower, and was executed not long before the Earl of March's death, being charged with an attempt to make his escape in order to stir up an insurrection in Wales. The dramatist was led into error by the popular historians of his time, whose accounts disagree. Hall says that the Earl of March "was ever *kepte in the courte* under such a keeper that he could neither do nor attempt any thyng agaynste the kyng wythout his knowledge, and died without issue."

88. *Levied an army*:—This is another departure from history. Cambridge levied no army, but was apprehended at Southampton the night before Henry sailed from that town for France, on the information of this very Earl of March.

96. *Thou art my heir*, etc.:—I acknowledge you to be my heir; the legal consequences growing from this I wish you to infer for yourself.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

[*bill.*] Gloucester offers to put up articles of accusation, called a *bill*. This Parliament was held in 1426 at Leicester, though here

represented to have been held in London. King Henry was now in the fifth year of his age. In the first Parliament, which was held at London shortly after his father's death, his mother, Queen Katharine, brought the young King from Windsor to the metropolis, and sat on the throne with the infant in her lap.

Scene II.

40. *Pride* here signifies *haughty power.* So, afterwards, in IV. vi. 15: "And from the *pride* of Gallia rescued thee." The general sentiment of the English respecting Joan of Arc is very well shown in that the regent, soon after the coronation at Rheims, wrote to Charles VII., complaining that "he had, by the allurement of a *develish witch,* taken upon him the name, title, and dignitie of the King of France," and challenging him to a trial of the question by private combat. Divers other choice vituperative epithets are stuck upon the heroic maiden by the old chroniclers, such as "false miscreant," and "a damnable sorcerer suborned by Satan."

114. [*Bedford dies.*] This scene of feigning, fighting, jesting, dying, and running away, is a fiction of the dramatist's; though there are several passages in the war in France, that might have furnished a hint and basis for it. The regent died quietly in his bed at Rouen, September 14, 1435, and was buried in the cathedral. It is said that some years after Louis XI., being urged to remove his bones and deface his monument, replied, "I will not war with the remains of a prince who was once a match for your fathers and mine; and who, were he now alive, would make the proudest of us tremble. Let his ashes rest in peace, and may the Almighty have mercy on his soul!"

Scene III.

Ulrici has the following remarks, which, as he says, genius substantially adopts and particularly applies to Henry VI.: "Shakespeare's deviations from actual history, more especially those in regard to chronology, which he might otherwise have avoided, were made with a view of giving a vivid representation of both the inner and the outer connection of the greater whole, and of the ideal character, the ethical significance of the events in the several parts. These deviations refer only to points in which he has differed from the chronicles and popular histories of his day, to

the exclusion of all such corrections as have been gained by modern investigations. It was only *such* sources that Shakespeare *wished* to and *could* follow, owing to the character of dramatic poetry, which is necessarily popular; he could not have adopted the results of learned historiography even though—what was not generally the case—these had existed at his time."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

1. *the crown*:—The crowning of King Henry at Paris took place December 17, 1431. Concerning that event Holinshed has the following: "To speake with what honour he was received into the citie of Paris, what pageants were prepared, and how richlie the gates, streets, bridges on everie side were hanged with costlie clothes of arras and tapestrie, it would be too long a processe, and therefore I doo heere pass it over with silence." Nevertheless the occasion was but poorly attended save by foreigners, none of the higher French nobility gracing it with their presence.

Scene II.

11. *Lean famine*, etc.:—This figure was much used by the old poets. It occurs in the Prologue to Act I., of *Henry V.*, line 7. So, likewise, in the answer of Henry V. to the citizens of Rouen, when he was besieging that city in 1419, as reported in Holinshed: "That the goddesse of battell called Bellona, had three handmaidens ever of necessitie attending upon hir, as blood, fire, and famine. And whereas it laie in his choise to use them all three, yea, two, or one of them, at his pleasure, he had appointed onlie the meekest of those three damsels to punish them of that citie, till they were brought to reason."

49. *rascal-like*:—This use of *rascal* is well explained by a passage from Verstegan's *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, 1605: "As before I have showed how the ill names of beasts, in their most contemptible state, are in contempt applied to women; so is *rascall*, being the name of an ill-favoured, leane, and worthlesse *deere*, commonly applied unto such men as are held of no credit or worth." The figure is kept up by using *heads of steel* for *lances*, referring to the deer's horns.

Scene III.

46. *'Long all of Somerset*:—On the death of Bedford in 1435, York succeeded him in the regency of France. In 1437 he was superseded by Warwick, who died about two years after, and York was reappointed. In this office Somerset took special pains to cross and thwart him. The effects of their enmity are strongly stated by Holinshed: "Although the Duke of York was worthie, both for birth and courage, of this honour and preferment, yet so disdeined of the Duke of Summerset, that by all means possible sought his hindrance, as one glad of his losse, and sorie of his well dooing: by reason whereof, yer the Duke of York could get his despatch, Paris and diverse other of the cheefest places in France were gotten by the French king. The Duke of York, perceiving his evill will, openlie dissembled that which he inwardlie minded, either of them working things to the others displeasure, till, through malice and division betweene them, at length by mortal warre they were both consumed, with almost all their whole lines and offspring."

Scene IV.

13. *bought and sold*:—This expression seems to have been proverbial; intimating that foul play had been used. So in *King John*, V. iv. 10: "Fly, noble English, you are *bought and sold.*"

Scene VII.

32. *young John Talbot's grave*:—The battle in which the Talbots fell is known in history as the battle of Chatillon, the name of a fortress not far from Bordeaux, and took place in July, 1453. The occasion was this: The preceding year, while England was torn with civil war, all France having been lost, the people of Guienne, impatient of French tyranny, sent over a deputation, offering to renew their allegiance, and soliciting the aid of an army. The invitation was gladly accepted, and the command given to the veteran Earl of Shrewsbury. The old hero used such energy and despatch, that he took possession of Bordeaux and the surrounding country before the French could interpose any hindrance. The next spring, while he was extending his conquests, a French army invested Chatillon, which he had before taken and fortified. Talbot, hastening to its relief, surprised and defeated a

large body of the enemy; whereupon the French retired into an intrenched camp lined with three hundred pieces of cannon. He then ordered an assault, and the enemy began to waver, when the arrival of a new body of men turned the day against him.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

29. *a cardinal's degree*:—Beaufort's preferment to this rank having happened about fifteen years back, it may seem strange that Exeter should now for the first time wonder at it as something new. This, however, is quite in keeping with other things here, such as the alleged youth of the King, who was at this time twenty-three years old. The point is thus stated by Coleridge: "The history of our ancient kings—the events of their reigns, I mean—are like stars in the sky; whatever the real interspaces may be, and however great, they seem close to each other. The stars—the events—strike us and remain in our eye, little modified by the difference of dates."

Scene III.

1. [*Pucelle.*] The manner in which the writer of this play delineates this Joan of Arc in Act I. has been held to be one of the proofs that Shakespeare was not the author. "But," observes Knight, "however the dramatist may have represented this extraordinary woman as a sorceress, and made her accuse herself of licentious conduct, he has fallen very far short of the injustice of the English chroniclers, who, no doubt, represented the traditionary opinions of the English nation."

6. The *monarch of the north* was Zimimar, one of the four principal devils invoked by witches. The north was supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits. Milton assembles the rebel angels in the *north.*

30. [*La Pucelle is taken.*] The capture of Joan occurred in May, 1430, twelve years before the event of the first Scene of this Act, and more than five years before the death of Bedford, and while Burgundy was yet in alliance with the English. The latter undertaking to reduce the city of Compeigne, Joan went with an army to raise the siege. On the march she met and routed a force of Burgundians, and, having taken Franquet, their leader, had

him beheaded on the spot. Reinforcements pouring in from all sides, she was soon forced to retreat, herself taking the rear-guard, and repeatedly turning upon the pursuers, and keeping them off; till, at last, her men being broken, she was pulled from her horse by an archer, and, lying on the ground, surrendered herself. The heroine was then conducted to John of Luxemburg, who some months after sold her into the hands of the regent..

62-64. *As plays,* etc.:—This comparison, made between things sufficiently unlike, is intended to express the softness and delicacy of Lady Margaret's beauty, which delighted, but did not dazzle; which was bright, but gave no pain by its lustre. Sidney, in his *Astrophel and Stella,* supports this explanation:—

> "Lest if no vaile these brave gleams did disguise,
> They, sunlike, should more dazzle than delight."

Scene IV.

74. *Machiavel*:—The character of Machiavelli seems to have made so very deep an impression on the dramatic writers of the age, that he is many times introduced by them, notwithstanding the anachronism. So in *The Valiant Welshman,* 1615: "Read *Machiavel*; princes that would aspire must mock at hell."

92, 93. *consume to ashes,* etc.:—Joan of Arc was burnt, as "an agent of the devil," at Rouen, May 30, 1431. The inhuman sentence was the result of an ecclestiastical trial, at which the Bishop of Beauvais presided, she having been taken in his diocese. Yet the violence of her enemies was not so cruel as the neglect of those who ought to have been her friends. The matter is thus stated by Lingard: "If ever prince were indebted to a subject, Charles VII. was indebted to Joan of Arc. She had dispelled the terror with which success had invested the English arms, had reanimated the courage of the French soldiery, and had firmly established the King on the throne of his ancestors. Yet, from the moment of her captivity she appears to have been forgotten. We read not of any sum offered for her ransom, or attempt made to alleviate the rigour of her confinement, or notice taken of her trial and execution."

175. *a solemn peace*:—This *peace,* which was in reality but a *truce,* was negotiated by Suffolk, who had been sent as ambassador for that purpose, an instrument having been first signed by the King and approved by the Parliament, authorizing him to conduct

the treaty to the best of his abilities, and pardoning beforehand every error of judgement into which he might fall. The meeting of ambassadors was at Tours in February, 1444; where many things were moved for a final peace, but the best they could come to was a truce for eighteen months.

Scene V.

25-29. *So should I give*, etc.:—"Although this mariage," says Holinshed, "pleased the King and diverse of his councell, yet Humfrie Duke of Glocester, protector of the realme, was much against it, alledging that it should be both contrarie to the lawes of God, and dishonourable to the prince, if he should breake that promise and contract of mariage, made by ambassadours sufficiently instructed thereto, with the daughter of the Earle of Arminacke, upon conditions both to him and his realme as much profitable as honourable. But the duke's words could not be heard, for the earles dooings were onelie liked and allowed."

103. *Suffolk . . . goes*:—Suffolk set forth on this expedition in October, 1444. Thus stands the account in Holinshed: "The Earle of Suffolke was made Marquesse of Suffolke, which marquesse, with his wife and manie honourable personages of men and women, richlie adorned both with apparell and jewels, having with them manie costlie chariots and gorgeous horslitters, sailed into France for the conveiance of the nominated queene into the realme of England. For King Reiner, hir father, for all his long stile, had too short a pursse to send his daughter honourablie to the King hir spouse."

Questions on 1 Henry VI.

1. What are some of the contemporary allusions to this play that help to establish its date?

2. What are some of the arguments against the sole Shakespearian authorship of the play?

3. Who have been suggested as collaborators?

ACT FIRST.

4. What is there un-Shakespearian about the opening lines of the play?

5. How are events of the preceding play, *Henry V.*, continued in this one?

6. Criticise the manner in which the news brought by the messengers is delivered. Is it compatible with reality?

7. What is the situation presented in the first Scene? What offices are held respectively by Bedford and Gloucester? What threat is made by Winchester?

8. What is the condition of the French fortunes when Joan la Pucelle appears?

9. What traits of character are here attributed to her that are at variance with the Joan of tradition?

10. Indicate the effect of Sc. ii. In what way does it contribute to the development of the plot? How does it differ from the account given by the old chroniclers?

11. From Sc. iv. what do you gather of Talbot's reputation? What traits of character does he display?

12. What is there un-Shakespearian about the battle-scene?

13. What effect does the dramatist wish to produce by bringing Joan into personal conflict with Talbot?

14. What was the contemporaneous opinion of the English concerning the secret of Joan's military success?

ACT SECOND.

15. Are the events presented in Sc. i. historically true?

16. How does the episode of the Countess of Auvergne (Sc. ii.) illustrate the weak side of Talbot's nature?

17. Comment on the dramatic effectiveness of Sc. iii. Is the matter reported in the chronicles? Has it any literary precedent? Is the plot in any way assisted by it?

18. Sc. iv. has been regarded of undoubted Shakespearian authorship. What do you see in it to support the view?

19. What was the point of dispute between Plantagenet and Somerset? Where has Shakespeare presented a picture of the condemnation of Richard Earl of Cambridge?

20. Who was the Mortimer presented in Sc. v.? What previous plays have dealt with him?

21. Considered as an episode, what is the effect of Sc. v.? Considered structurally, is this Scene a necessary part of the present play? Is its value more apparent from a consideration of the series of plays dealing with the Henrys?

22. What does Sc. v. contribute to the enveloping atmosphere of *Henry VI.*?

ACT THIRD.

23. What is the dramatic purpose of the quarrel between Winchester and Gloucester in Sc. i.? In this Scene how are the fortunes of Plantagenet advanced?

24. In the speech of Exeter with which the Scene closes what is foreshadowed?

25. Was the taking of Rouen by the French through strategy an historic fact?

26. Explain Joan's taunt (ii. 44) that the corn was *full of darnel.*

27. What is lacking in the presentation of the cowardice of Sir John Fastolfe to support the belief that he is Shakespeare's creation?

28. What is Joan's status among the French at the point of the story marked by Sc. iii.?

29. Is her persuasion of the Duke of Burgundy convincing? What point of the rising action does this Scene mark?

30. Show what is effected by Sc. iv.

ACT FOURTH.

31. How is the crowning of Henry in Sc. i. shown to be a mere travesty?

32. Show how Sc. i. is managed to secure a cumulative effect. What does the entrance of Gloucester into the dispute (line 123) serve to recall so that all the elements of internal strife confronting Henry are brought to a focus in the Scene?

33. Is youth the only excuse for the King's inadequacy?

34. What resemblance do you note between Talbot's speech before Bordeaux, at the beginning of Sc. ii., and that of Henry V. before Harfleur? What bearing may this have upon the question of the genuineness of the passage?

35. Support by reasons your belief, if so you judge them, that lines 42-56 are Shakespearian. Comment on the elaborate figure here used. Do you find many such in this play?

36. How do Scs. iii. and iv. show that the cause of England is more jeopardized by the strife among her nobles than by the power of France?

37. Explain the allusion of Sir William Lucy (iii. 47) to *the vulture of sedition.*

38. Taking Scs. vi. and vii. as examples, may we deduce a possible law of Shakespeare's earlier æsthetic creed concerning the harmony of sentiment and versification? Consider this in connection with the comedies of this approximate date—*Love's Labour's Lost, Comedy of Errors,* and *Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

39. What effect has the death of Talbot on the English cause in France?

40. What temper as conquerors is displayed by the French?

ACT FIFTH.

41. What defect in the King does Sc. i. reveal that may be taken as the reason of his failure in France? What is his reply when marriage is proposed?

42. To what position does Winchester attain? How did he secure his preferment? What does his closing speech foreshadow?

43. Why is the final triumph of the English depicted from the French point of view?

44. Does Sc. iii. present a new phase of Joan's spiritual develop-

ment? State what it is and what the dramatist intends to convey thereby.

45. Considering *Henry VI.* as a unit, does Margaret contribute anything to the action? How does she serve as a link between this and the succeeding parts of the trilogy?

46. How does the Shepherd of Sc. iv. differ from the portraits of countrymen that Shakespeare has elsewhere furnished? What trick of speech bears some resemblance to one frequently employed by him?

47. Does Joan in Sc. iv. exhibit any of the traits of those who have accomplished considerable through belief in a supernatural assistance, and who seek to maintain their rank and reputation after they have felt the power withdrawn?

48. In the presentation of this character does the play follow the belief of the English regarding the real character of Joan, as presented by Hall and Holinshed?

49. State the reason why this character is so repellent to modern readers.

50. Indicate the situation that the final Scene of this play proposes for the action of Part II. of the trilogy.

For general questions see end of 3 *Henry VI.*

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Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Margaret of Anjou is brought over to England and wedded to King Henry VI.; but—much to the consternation of the King's uncle, Gloucester, the lord protector—she comes dowerless, and the duchies for which Henry V. warred are suffered to remain in French hands. Though the upright Gloucester's grief is strongly uttered, he is not upheld when he unburdens it to the other nobles. Instead, they make a temporary truce of their own quarreling, which has proceeded continuously during the young King's reign, and unite against the lord protector. They find a ready ally in the Queen, who is eager to secure unlimited control over her weak husband. They make their first attack through Gloucester's ambitious wife. She is betrayed into harbouring sorcerers who raise a spirit that utters sayings against the heads of the realm. She and the conjurers are taken into custody.

II. The Duchess of Gloucester is brought to trial and banished. Gloucester is deprived of his post of lord protector, and is summoned before Parliament.

Meanwhile the strife between the houses of York and Lancaster gathers force. The Duke of York convinces the powerful earls of Warwick and Salisbury of his right to the crown.

III. Gloucester answers the summons and appears before Parliament. He is accused of high treason and committed to prison, and since his accusers can find no evidence to support their charge against his integrity,

he is foully assassinated by direction of the Duke of Suffolk. The populace, learning of the deed, are driven to desperation, and storm the palace, demanding the death or exile of Suffolk, who is forthwith banished, and afterwards is slain at sea by pirates.

The powerless monarch's sway is marked by continued losses. News comes of the loss of the last of the French territories. Other tidings tell of an uprising in Ireland. The lords, jealous of York's power, think to be rid of him by sending him against the Irish. York, however, is glad of the pretext to muster an army; and before he sets sail he incites a rebellion at home under Jack Cade, a Kentish labourer.

IV. After meeting with one or two small successes, seizing London Bridge, and entering the city, Cade's forces are dispersed by the royal troops. The populace renew allegiance to the King, and sue for pardon, which is granted. But a price is placed on the head of the fugitive Cade, and he is slain. York's connection with this rebellion has been hidden; but upon hearing of its outcome he returns to England at the head of his army, ostensibly to redress private wrongs, though really to assist his claim to the throne.

V. The King holds parley with York near Blackheath, but the conference ends in open defiance on the part of the subject. The two armies meet in conflict on the field of Saint Albans, where the King, who now represents the Lancastrians, is defeated and forced to fly towards London. The victorious York and Warwick resolve to march rapidly upon the capital.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

King Henry.

There is something of irony in the scene with which the second part of *Henry VI.* opens. Suffolk, the Lance-

lot of this tragedy, has brought from France the Princess Margaret, and the joy of the blameless King, upon receiving, at the cost of two hard-won provinces, this terrible wife, who will "dandle him like a baby," has in it something pitiable, something pathetic, and something ludicrous. The relations of the King to Margaret throughout the play are delicately and profoundly conceived. He clings to her as to something stronger than himself; he dreads her as a boy might dread some formidable master:—

Exeter. Here comes the Queen, whose looks betray her anger:
I'll steal away.
Henry. And so will I.

Yet through his own freedom from passion he derives a sense of superiority to his wife; and after she has dashed him all over with the spray of her violent anger and her scorn, Henry may be seen mildly wiping away the drops, insufferably placable, offering excuses for the vituperation and the insults which he has received:—

"Poor Queen, how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!"

Among his "wolfish earls" Henry is in constant terror, not of being himself torn to pieces, but of their flying at one another's throats. Violent scenes, disturbing the cloistral peace which it would please him to see reign throughout the universe, are hateful and terrible to Henry. He rides out hawking with his Queen and Suffolk, the Cardinal and Gloucester; some of the riders hardly able for an hour to conceal their emulation and their hate. Henry takes a languid interest in the sport, but all occasions supply food for his contemplative piety; he suffers from a certain incontinence of devout feeling, and now the falcons set him moralizing:—

"But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!
To see how God in all his creatures works!",

A moment after and the peers, with Margaret among them, are bandying furious words. Henry's anguish is extreme, but he hopes that something may be done by a few moral reflections suitable to the occasion:—

> I pr'ythee, peace,
> Good Queen, and whet not on these furious peers,
> For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.
> *Cardinal.* Let me be blessed for the peace I make
> Against this proud Protector with my sword.

The angry colloquy is presently silenced by the cry, "A miracle! a miracle!" and the impostor Simcox and his wife appear. Henry, with his fatuous proclivity towards the edifying, rejoices in this manifestation of God's grace in the restoration to sight of a man born blind:—

> "Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
> Although by his sight his sin be multiplied."

(That is to say, "If we had the good-fortune to be deprived of all our senses and appetites, we should have a fair chance of being quite spotless; yet let us thank God for his mysterious goodness to this man!") And once more, when the Protector, by a slight exercise of shrewdness and common sense, has unmasked the rogue and has had him whipped, extreme is the anguish of the King:—

> *K. Henry.* O God! seest thou this, and bearest so long?
> *Queen.* It made me laugh to see the villain run.

But the feeble saint, who is cast down upon the occurrence of a piece of vulgar knavery, can himself abandon to butchers the noblest life in England. His conscience assures him that Gloucester is innocent; he hopes the Duke will be able to clear himself; but Gloucester's judges are Suffolk, "with his cloudy brow," sharp Buckingham,

> "And dogged York, that reaches at the moon."

Henry is not equal to confronting such terrible faces as these; and so, trusting to God, who will do all things

well, he slinks out of the Parliament shedding tears, and leaves Gloucester to his fate:—

> "My lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best,
> Do, or undo, as if ourself were here."

When Henry hears that his uncle is dead, he swoons; he suspects that the noble old man has been foully dealt with; but judgement belongs to God; possibly his suspicion may be a false one; how terrible if he should sully his purity of heart with a false suspicion! may God forgive him if he do so! And thus humouring his timorous, irritable conscience, Henry is incapable of action, and allows things to take their course.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

III.

Margaret.

As regards the conception of the character of the Queen which is first revealed to us in this part, some commentators have blamed Shakspeare for having unnecessarily made her a hideous Megæra, and maintain it to be especially intolerable to see the pious, unfortunate King so openly represented as a deceived husband. It is certainly true that in Margaret's character we still have the echo of those gloomy sounds of the horrible which in *Titus Andronicus* we had in the fullest reverberations, and this again proves with tolerable certainty that the two last parts of *Henry VI.* likewise belong to Shakspeare's earlier works. It is also true that adultery did not require to be added to the other crimes of the Queen. And yet without it we should not have received such a perfect insight into her character, which is so important for the whole play. For it is self-evident that such an energetic, violent and thoroughly unfeminine nature, with such passionateness and heat of temper, could not have had any affection for the cold, unmanly

and effeminate King, or have remained faithful to him. Hence even though history has not expressly told us of it—however, if not mentioned by Holinshed (as Gervinus says) it is expressly stated in Grafton's (Hall's) Chronicle—the Poet at all events could not be silent on a subject, which, as a matter of consistency, was demanded by history. Moreover, this terrible energy and enormity, this shameless display of evil, such as is here exhibited in a woman, is no doubt more dramatic, nay the very representation of it is more moral than the secret sin which creeps along in darkness, and the unexpressed suspicion of which must be entertained by the spectators. In fact, the Poet required an embodiment of the prevailing vices and crimes, a character in which was concentrated the whole demoralisation of the age, in order to give a description of the times, and to unfold the meaning and significance of his drama in the fullest manner.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

Among the arguments against the authenticity of these plays [the three parts of *Henry VI.*], the character of Margaret of Anjou has not been adduced, and yet to those who have studied Shakspeare in his own spirit, it will appear the most conclusive of all. When we compare her with his other female characters, we are struck at once by the want of family likeness; Shakspeare was not always equal, but he had not two *manners*, as they say of painters. I discern his hand in particular parts, but I cannot recognize his spirit in the conception of the whole: he may have laid on some of the colours, but the original design has a certain hardness and heaviness, very unlike his usual style. Margaret of Anjou, as exhibited in these tragedies, is a dramatic portrait of considerable truth, and vigour, and consistency—but she is not one of Shakspeare's women. He who knew so well in what true greatness of spirit consisted—who could excite our respect and sympathy even for a Lady

Macbeth, would never have given us a heroine without a touch of heroism; he would not have portrayed a high-hearted woman, struggling unsubdued against the strangest vicissitudes of fortune, meeting reverses and disasters, such as would have broken the most masculine spirit, with unshaken constancy, yet left her without a single personal quality which could excite our interest in her bravely endured misfortunes; and this too in the very face of history. He would not have given us, in lieu of the magnanimous queen, the subtle and accomplished French woman, a mere "Amazonian trull," with every coarser feature of depravity and ferocity; he would have redeemed her from unmingled detestation; he would have breathed into her some of his own sweet spirit—he would have given the woman a soul.

The old chronicler Hall informs us, that Queen Margaret "excelled all other as well in beauty and favour, as in wit and policy, and was in stomach and courage more like to a man than to a woman." He adds that, after the espousals of Henry and Margaret, "the King's friends fell from him; the lords of the realm fell in division among themselves; the Commons rebelled against their natural prince; fields were foughten; many thousands slain; and, finally, the king was deposed, and his son slain, and his queen sent home again with as much misery and sorrow as she was received with pomp and triumph."

This passage seems to have furnished the groundwork of the character as it is developed in these plays with no great depth or skill. Margaret is portrayed with all the exterior graces of her sex; as bold and artful, with spirit to dare, resolution to act, and fortitude to endure; but treacherous, haughty, dissembling, vindictive, and fierce. The bloody struggle for power in which she was engaged, and the companionship of the ruthless iron men around her, seem to have left her nothing of womanhood but the heart of a mother—that last stronghold of our feminine nature! So far the character

is consistently drawn: it has something of the power, but none of the flowing ease, of Shakspeare's manner. There are fine materials not well applied; there is poetry in some of the scenes and speeches; the situations are often exceedingly poetical; but in the character of Margaret herself there is not an atom of poetry. In her artificial dignity, her plausible wit, and her endless volubility, she would remind us of some of the most admired heroines of French tragedy, but for that unlucky box on the ear which she gives the Duchess of Gloucester—a violation of tragic decorum, which of course destroys all parallel.

Having said thus much, I shall point out some of the finest and most characteristic scenes in which Margaret appears. The speech in which she expresses her scorn of her meek husband, and her impatience of the power exercised by those fierce, overbearing barons, York, Salisbury, Warwick, Buckingham, is very fine, and conveys as faithful an idea of those feudal times as of the woman who speaks. The burst of female spite with which she concludes, is admirable:—

> Not all these lords do vex me half so much
> As that proud dame, the Lord Protector's wife.
> She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
> More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife.
> Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
> She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
> And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
> Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
> Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
> She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
> The very train of her worst wearing gown
> Was better worth than all my father's lands
> Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Her intriguing spirit, the facility with which she enters into the murderous confederacy against the good Duke Humphrey, the artful plausibility with which she endeavours to turn suspicion from herself—confounding

r gentle consort by mere dint of words—are exceedgly characteristic, but not the less revolting.
Her criminal love for Suffolk (which is a dramatic inlent, not an historic fact) gives rise to the beautiful rting scene in the third act; a scene which it is imssible to read without a thrill of emotion, hurried 'ay by that power and pathos which forces us to symthize with the eloquence of grief, yet excites not a omentary interest either for Margaret or her lover. ıe ungoverned fury of Margaret in the first instance, ɜ manner in which she calls on Suffolk to curse his emies, and then shrinks back overcome by the violence the spirit she had herself evoked, and terrified by the hemence of his imprecations; the transition in her nd from the extremity of rage to tears and melting ıdness, have been pronounced, and justly, to be in akspeare's own manner:—

Go, speak not to me—even now begone.
O go not yet! Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die:
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

ıich is followed by that beautiful and intense burst of ssion from Suffolk—

'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world,
And where thou art not, desolation.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

IV.

The Cade Scenes.

That insurrection comes in aptly as the first outbreak the great social schism, the elements of which had

been long working in secret, and growing to a head. The passages of humour, interspersed through the scenes of Cade and his followers, being mostly the same in the original form of the play, yield strong evidence in the question of authorship. It seems hard to believe that any one but Shakespeare could have written them, no instances in that line at all approaching these having been elsewhere given by any other writer of that time. For in poetry merely, Shakespeare, though immeasurably above any or all of his senior contemporaries, differs from them but in degree; but in the article of humour he shows a difference from them in kind. And it is remarkable that the instinct and impulse of humour seem in this case to have put him upon blending together the elements of two widely-separated passages of history: the persons and events being those of the insurrection known as Jack Cade's; while the sentiments and designs are the same, in part, which became matter of history some seventy years before in the rebellion of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw. This curious fact was first pointed out by Mr. Courtenay, who cites the following from Holinshed's account of the earlier insurrection: "They began to show proof of those things which they had before conceived in their minds—beheading all such men of law as they might catch, alleging that the land could never enjoy her true liberty till all those sorts of people were despatched out of the way. This talk liked well the ears of the common people, and they purposed to burn and destroy all records, evidences, court-rolls, and other monuments, that their landlords might not have whereby to challenge any right at their hands. What wickedness was it, to compel teachers of children in grammar schools to swear never to instruct any in this art! For it was dangerous among them to be known for one that was learned; and more dangerous, if any one were found with a penner and ink-horn at his side. At Blackheath, when the greatest multitude was there

got together, John Ball made a sermon, taking this saying for his theme:—

'When Adam delv'd and Eve span,
Who was then a gentleman?'"

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

The forcible realism, the simple vigour and lifelike humour of these scenes, cannot, it is urged, be due to any other [than Shakespeare] so early at work in the field of comedy. A critic desirous to press this point might further insist on the likeness or identity of tone between these and all later scenes in which Shakespeare has taken on him to paint the action and passion of an insurgent populace. With him, it might too plausibly be argued, the people once risen in revolt for any just or unjust cause is always the mob, the unwashed rabble, the swinish multitude; full as he is of wise and gracious tenderness for individual character, of swift and ardent pity for personal suffering, he has no deeper or finer feeling than scorn for "the beast with many heads" that fawn and butt at bidding as they are swayed by the vain and violent breath of any worthless herdsman. For the drovers who guide and misguide at will the turbulent flocks of their mutinous cattle his store of bitter words is inexhaustible; it is a treasure-house of obloquy which can never be drained dry.

SWINBURNE: *A Study of Shakespeare.*

I cannot persuade myself that these [Cade scenes] were not from the very first the work of Shakespeare. It is evident that they cannot proceed from the pen of Marlowe. An attempt has been made to attribute them to Greene, on the ground that there are other folk-scenes in his works which display a similar strain of humour. But the difference is enormous. It is true that the text here follows the chronicle with extraordinary fidelity; but it was precisely in this ingenious adaptation of mate-

of energy. He laments the base forfeiture of national honour, that never gives the King concern, yet does nothing worthy of his position to save it, is utterly incapable of coping with the ill-conditioned Cardinal, and descends to a useless and degrading brawl, and is at last his victim, and is as unable to rule, or guide, or protect his wife, as Henry himself. Such a pretence of government is entirely out of harmony with the genius of the country both in commonalty and nobility, and both classes become agitated sympathetically. The men of Kent are represented as rising in disgust and contempt for the ordinance of a bookish priestlike king and counsellors, who acquiesce in the loss of conquests of a bolder monarch; and a powerful confederacy of nobles lends aid to the claimant of the throne by the elder line, who certainly possesses many qualities that are more worthy of power, though as usual in history they can only command power through violence and fraud, that bring on a Nemesis behind them. The crown that came to the line of Lancaster, through the dissolute misgovernment of Richard II. falls from it again through the misgovernment of the factitious piety of an enervate devotee.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VI.

A Great Advance.

The second part of *Henry VI.* is manifestly a great advance upon the first, and that in nearly all the particulars of dramatic excellence. The several members are well knit together; the characterization is bold, but, in the main, firm and steady; the action clear, free, and generally carried on in that consecutiveness that every later part seems the natural growth and issue of what had gone before. Much of this superiority, no doubt, was owing to the nature of the materials, which, besides yielding a greater variety of interest, were of themselves

rial that Shakespeare always showed his strength. And these scenes answer so completely to all the other folk-scenes in Shakespeare, and are so obviously the outcome of the habit of political thought which runs through his whole life, becoming ever more and more pronounced, that we cannot possibly accept them as showing only the trivial alterations and retouches which elsewhere distinguish his text from the older version.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

V.

The Enveloping Nemesis.

The subject of the second part of *Henry VI.* is the progress of disorder in the country consequent on the weak character of the King, his want of every spark of kingly, national or even manly spirit. Of a devout tendency, his religious feelings have not the energy to rise from a pious ejaculation to a fervent prayer, still less to stimulate a really conscientious action. Selfishly and imprudently he married Margaret to gratify a passion foolishly adopted at second hand, and makes no effort to control a wife whose vague animosities hurry him to destruction; he deserts Gloucester in base cravenheartedness, and when he is murdered almost under his eyes, banishes the murderer Suffolk only when compelled by the indignant outbreak of the commons, and then from no higher motive than apprehension of consequences to himself. Afterwards he is as ready to purchase his own tranquillity by the sacrifice of the rights of his son; and thus on the strength of harmlessness and freedom from active vice, he brings the country into civil war, and takes rank as a saint. The character of Gloucester is finely contrasted with that of the King: he has a reputation for goodness—the good Duke Humphrey, as the King for saintship; and his goodness, though of more genuine quality, is at the last as nugatory from like defect

of energy. He laments the base forfeiture of national honour, that never gives the King concern, yet does nothing worthy of his position to save it, is utterly incapable of coping with the ill-conditioned Cardinal, and descends to a useless and degrading brawl, and is at last his victim, and is as unable to rule, or guide, or protect his wife, as Henry himself. Such a pretence of government is entirely out of harmony with the genius of the country both in commonalty and nobility, and both classes become agitated sympathetically. The men of Kent are represented as rising in disgust and contempt for the ordinance of a bookish priestlike king and counsellors, who acquiesce in the loss of conquests of a bolder monarch; and a powerful confederacy of nobles lends aid to the claimant of the throne by the elder line, who certainly possesses many qualities that are more worthy of power, though as usual in history they can only command power through violence and fraud, that bring on a Nemesis behind them. The crown that came to the line of Lancaster, through the dissolute misgovernment of Richard II. falls from it again through the misgovernment of the factitious piety of an enervate devotee.

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more limber and pliant to the shaping of art, and presented less to distract and baffle the powers of dramatic assortment and composition. The losses in France having been despatched in the former play, nothing of them remained for the Poet's use, but the domestic irritations they had engendered; which irritations were as so many eggs of discord in the nest of English life, and Queen Margaret the hot-breasted fury that hatched them into effect. The hatching process is the main subject of this play, and to that end the representation is ordered with considerable skill.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Shakespeare and Others.

In the earliest form known to us of this play it should seem that we have traces of Shakespeare's handiwork, in the latest that we find evidence of Marlowe's. But it would be something too extravagant for the veriest wind-sucker among commentators to start a theory that a revision was made of his original work by Marlowe after additions had been made to it by Shakespeare; yet . . . the most unmistakable signs of Marlowe's handiwork, the passages which show most plainly the personal and present seal of his genius, belong to the play only in its revised form.

SWINBURNE: *A Study of Shakespeare.*

There is on the whole no difficulty in distinguishing the work of other hands in the old texts. We can enjoy, point by point, not only Shakespeare's superiority, but his peculiar style, as we here find it in the very process of development; and we can study his whole method of work in the text which he ultimately produces.

We have here an almost unique opportunity of observing him in the character ot a critical artist. We see

what improvements he makes by a trivial retouch, or a mere rearrangement of words. Thus, when Gloucester says of his wife (II. iv.)—

> "Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
> To tread them with her tender-feeling feet,"

all his sympathy speaks in these words. In the old text it is she who says this of herself. In York's great soliloquy in the first act, beginning "Anjou and Maine are given to the French," the first twenty-four lines are Shakespeare's; the rest belong to the old text. From the second "Anjou and Maine" onwards, the verse is conventional and monotonous; the meaning ends with the end of each line, and a pause, as it were, ensues; whereas the verse of the opening passage is full of dramatic movement, life, and fire.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

It is unwise to go beyond the extremely strong presumption that Marlowe, at one point or other in the development of the play, impressed his genius on the materials and helped to give them their present shape. The characters of Margaret, of Suffolk, of York, of Richard, perhaps owe as much in execution to Shakespeare's dramatic grip as to Marlowe's fiery rhetoric; but their first conception was almost certainly Marlowe's. The boldness with which the portentous figure of Richard is made to dominate the entire latter half of the action in defiance of chronology and of his traditional character is in keeping with the splendid lawlessness of Marlowe in his dealings with history. Above all, Marlowe must be credited with the powerful tragic motive of Suffolk's intrigue with the Queen, of which Holinshed says no word. To Shakespeare such a situation was at all times unattractive; but the recent painter of the guilty loves of Isabel the queen and young Mortimer was keenly alive to its tragic force.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING HENRY *the Sixth.*
HUMPHREY, *Duke of Gloucester, his uncle.*
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King.*
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*
EDWARD and RICHARD, *his sons.*
DUKE OF SOMERSET.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
LORD CLIFFORD.
Young CLIFFORD, *his son.*
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF WARWICK.
LORD SCALES.
LORD SAY.
SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD and WILLIAM STAFFORD, *his brother.*
SIR JOHN STANLEY.
VAUX.
MATTHEW GOFFE.
A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's-Mate, and WALTER WHITMORE.
Two Gentlemen, *prisoners with Suffolk.*
JOHN HUME and JOHN SOUTHWELL, *priests.*
BOLINGBROKE, *a conjurer.*
THOMAS HORNER, *an armourer.* PETER, *his man.*
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.
SIMPCOX, *an impostor.*
ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish gentleman.*
JACK CADE, *a rebel.*
GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK *the butcher,* SMITH *the weaver,* MICHAEL, etc., *followers of Cade.*
Two Murderers.

MARGARET, *Queen to King Henry.*
ELEANOR, *Duchess of Gloucester.*
MARGARET JOURDAIN, *a witch.*
Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, Petitioners, Aldermen, a Herald, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, 'Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, etc.

A Spirit.

SCENE: *England.*

The Second Part of
KING HENRY VI.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

London. The palace.

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, the King, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, Salisbury, Warwick, and Cardinal Beaufort, on the one side; The Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace,
So, in the famous ancient city Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
I have perform'd my task and was espoused;
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;

The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king received.

King. Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love
Than this kind kiss. O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast given me in this beauteous face
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Queen. Great King of England and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,
In courtly company or at my beads,
With you, mine alder-liefest sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

King. Her sight did ravish; but her grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All [*kneeling*]. Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Queen. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glou. [*Reads*] 'Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king Charles and William de la Pole, Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King

of England, that the said Henry shall espouse
the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King
of Naples, Sicilia and Jerusalem, and crown her
Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next
ensuing. Item, that the duchy of Anjou and the
county of Maine shall be released and delivered
to the king her father—'

[*Lets the paper fall.*

ing. Uncle, how now!

lou. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

ing. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

ar. [*Reads*] 'Item, It is further agreed between
them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine
shall be released and delivered over to the king
her father, and she sent over of the King of
England's own proper cost and charges, with-
out having any dowry.'

ing. They please us well. Lord marquess, kneel down:
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And gird the with the sword. Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expired. Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*

lou. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,

To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Received deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And had his highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war and all our counsel die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,
This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glou. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;

But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

il. Now, by the death of Him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy.
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

ar. For grief that they are past recovery:
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!

ork. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives;
And our King Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

lou. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stay'd in France and starved in France,
Before—

ar. My lord of Gloucester, now ye grow too hot:
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glou. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy,
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown:
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There 's reason he should be displeased at it.
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him 'Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester,'
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
'Jesu maintain your royal excellence!'
With 'God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!'
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,
We 'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I 'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal:
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside:
If Gloucester be displaced, he 'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.
[*Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.*

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloucester
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey:
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline,
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honoured of the people:
Join we together, for the public good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress

The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country!

York. [*Aside*] And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let 's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;
That Maine which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept so long as breath did last!
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.
[*Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.*

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleased
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all: what is 't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends and give to courtezans,
Still revelling like lords till all be gone;
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shared and all is borne away,
Ready to starve and dare not touch his own:

So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.
Methinks the realms of England, France and Ireland
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood
As did the fatal brand Althæa burn'd
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!
Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that 's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fits not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
Watch thou and wake when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I 'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.
[*Exit.*

Scene II.

The Duke of Gloucester's house.

Enter Duke Humphrey and his wife Eleanor.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,
Enchased with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.
What, is 't too short? I 'll lengthen it with mine;
And, having both together heaved it up,
We 'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glou. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts.
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I 'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glou. Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand

Were placed the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream: what it doth bode, God knows.

Duch. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
Where Henry and dame Margaret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glou. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtured Eleanor,
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the protector's wife, beloved of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more!

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I 'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glou. Nay, be not angry; I am pleased again.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Where as the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glou. I go. Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

Duch. Yes, my good lord, I 'll follow presently. [*Exeunt Gloucester and Messenger.*

Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Gloucester bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks
And smooth my way upon their headless necks;
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here 's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty!

Duch. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised, to show your highness
A spirit raised from depth of under-ground,
That shall make answer to such questions
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough; I 'll think upon the questions:
When from Saint Alban's we do make return,
We 'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [*Exit.*

Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;

Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume!
Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coast;
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk,
Yet I do find it so; for, to be plain,
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
And buz these conjurations in her brain.
They say 'A crafty knave does need no broker;'
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck,
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

The palace.

Enter three or four Petitioners, Peter, the Armourer's man, being one.

First Petit. My masters, let 's stand close: my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

Sec. Petit. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he 's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter Suffolk and Queen.

Peter. Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I 'll be the first, sure.

Sec. Petit. Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow! wouldst any thing with me? 1

First Petit. I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my lord protector.

Queen. [*Reading*] 'To my Lord Protector!' Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

First Petit. Mine is, an 't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too! that 's some wrong, indeed. 2 What 's yours? what 's here! [*Reads*] 'Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.' How now, sir knave!

Sec. Petit. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter [*giving his petition*]. Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Queen. What say'st thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown? 3

Peter. That my master was? no, forsooth: my master said that he was, and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter Servant.*] Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant

presently: we 'll hear more of your matter before
the king. [*Exit Servant with Peter.*

Queen. And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.
[*Tears the supplications.*
Away, base cullions! Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let 's be gone. [*Exeunt.*

Queen. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What, shall King Henry be a pupil still
Under the surly Gloucester's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stolest away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought King Henry had resembled thee
In courage, courtship and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number Ave-Maries on his beads;
His champions are the prophets and apostles,
His weapons holy saws of sacred writ,
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canonized saints.
I would the college of the cardinals
Would choose him pope and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head:
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause

Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Queen. Beside the haughty protector, have we Beaufort,
The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York; and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Queen. Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife:
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
Shall I not live to be avenged on her?
Contemptuous base-born callet as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day.
The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have limed a bush for her,
And placed a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the Duke of York, this late complaint

Will make but little for his benefit.
So, one by one, we 'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Sound a Sennet. Enter the King, Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, Cardinal Beaufort, Buckingham, York, Somerset, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Duchess of Gloucester.

King. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset or York, all 's one to me.
York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be denay'd the regentship.
Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent; I will yield to him.
War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that: York is the worthier.
Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.
War. The cardinal 's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.
War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
Sal. Peace, son! and show some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.
Queen. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.
Glou. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure: these are no women's matters.
Queen. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?
Glou. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.
Suf. Resign it then and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king—as who is king but thou?—
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck;
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;

And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.
Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.
Som. Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's attire
Have cost a mass of public treasury.
Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.
Queen. Thy sale of offices and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
[*Exit Gloucester. The Queen drops her fan.*
Give me my fan: what, minion! can ye not?
[*She gives the Duchess a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?
Duch. Was 't I! yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I 'ld set my ten commandments in your face.
King. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.
Duch. Against her will! good king, look to 't in time;
She 'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unrevenged. [*Exit.*
Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She 's tickled now; her fume needs no spurs,
She 'll gallop far enough to her destruction. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Gloucester.

Glou. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,

I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country!
But, to the matter that we have in hand:
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I 'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands:
Last time, I danced attendance on his will
Till Paris was besieged, famish'd, and lost.

War. That can I witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Horner, the Armourer, and his man Peter, guarded.

Suf. Because here is a man accused of treason:
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

King. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are these?

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason:
His words were these: that Richard Duke of York

Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your majesty was an usurper.

King. Say, man, were these thy words?

Hor. An 't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my Lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain and mechanical,
I 'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my 'prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this; therefore I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

King. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glou. This doom, my lord, if I may judge:
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion:
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place,
For he hath witness of his servant's malice:
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, pity my case. The spite of man prevaileth

against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

Glou. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

King. Away with them to prison; and the day of combat shall be the last of the next month. Come, Somerset, we 'll see thee sent away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Gloucester's garden.

Enter Margery Jourdain, Hume, Southwell, and Bolingbroke.

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided: will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay, what else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go, in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate and grovel on the earth; John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess aloft, Hume following.

Duch. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this gear the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you and fear not: whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they do the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle; Bolingbroke or Southwell reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath,
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and done!

Boling. 'First of the king: what shall of him become?'

[*Reading out of a paper.*

Spir. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.*

Boling. 'What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?'

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. 'What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?'

Spir. Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness and the burning lake!
False fiend, avoid!
[*Thunder and lightning. Exit Spirit.*

Enter the Duke of York and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard and break in.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.
Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch.
What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke, that threatest where 's no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all: what call you this?
Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder. You, madam, shall with us.
Stafford, take her to thee.
[*Exeunt above Duchess and Hume, guarded.*
We 'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.
All, away!
[*Exeunt guard with Jourdain, Southwell, &c.*

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let 's see the devil's writ.
What have we here? [*Reads.*
'The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.'
Why this is just
'Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.'
Well, to the rest:

'Tell me, what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?
By water shall he die, and take his end.
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?
Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.'
Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's,
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them:
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord. Who 's within there, ho!

Enter a Serving-man.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To sup with me to-morrow night. Away!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Saint Alban's.

Enter the King, Queen, Gloucester, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Falconers halloing.

Queen. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;

And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.
King. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!
To see how God in all His creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.
Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
Glou. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
Car. I thought as much; he would be above the clouds.
Glou. Ay, my lord cardinal? how think you by that?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?
King. The treasury of everlasting joy.
Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!
Glou. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?
Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it?
Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.
Glou. As who, my lord?
Suf. Why, as you, my lord,
An 't like your lordly lord-protectorship.
Glou. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.
Queen. And thy ambition, Gloucester.
King. I prithee, peace, good queen,

And whet not on these furious peers;
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!

Glou. [*Aside to Car.*] Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to that!

Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] Marry, when thou darest.

Glou. [*Aside to Car.*] Make up no factious numbers for the matter;
In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] Ay, where thou darest not peep: an if thou darest,
This evening, on the east side of the grove.

King. How now, my lords!

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloucester,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport. [*Aside to Glou.*] Come with thy two-hand sword.

Glou. True, uncle.

Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] Are ye advised? the east side of the grove?

Glou. [*Aside to Car.*] Cardinal, I am with you.

King. Why, how now, uncle Gloucester!

Glou. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord. [*Aside to Car.*] Now, by God's mother, priest, I 'll shave your crown for this,
Or all my fence shall fail.

Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] Medice, teipsum—
Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself.

King. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.
How irksome is this music to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter a Townsman of Saint Alban's, crying 'A miracle!'

Glou. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?
Towns. A miracle! a miracle!
Suf. Come to the king and tell him what miracle.
Towns. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half-hour, hath received his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.
King. Now, God be praised, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban's and his brethren, bearing Simpcox, between two in a chair, Simpcox's Wife following.

Car. Here comes the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.
King. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.
Glou. Stand by, my masters: bring him near the king;
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.
King. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind and now restored?
Simp. Born blind, an 't please your grace.
Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.
Suf. What woman is this?
Wife. His wife, an 't like your worship.
Glou. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.
King. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an 't like your grace.
King. Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
Queen. Tell me, good fellow, camest thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?
Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban; who said, 'Simpcox, come,
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.'
Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.
Car. What, art thou lame?
Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!
Suf. How camest thou so?
Simp. A fall off of a tree.
Wife. A plum-tree, master.
Glou. How long hast thou been blind?
Simp. O, born so, master.
Glou. What, and wouldst climb a tree?
Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.
Glou. Mass, thou lovedst plums well, that wouldst venture so.
Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desired some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.
Glou. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.
Let me see thine eyes: wink now: now open them:
In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.
Simp. Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint Alban.
Glou. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

imp. Red, master; red as blood.
lou. Why, that 's well said. What colour is my gown of?
imp. Black, forsooth: coal-black as jet.
ing. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?
uf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.
lou. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.
Vife. Never, before this day, in all his life.
lou. Tell me, sirrah, what 's my name?
imp. Alas, master, I know not.
lou. What 's his name?
imp. I know not.
lou. Nor his?
imp. No, indeed, master.
lou. What 's thine own name?
imp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.
lou. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours, but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think his cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again?
imp. O master, that you could!
lou. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?
Say. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.
lou. Then send for one presently.
Say. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an attendant.*

Glou. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone: You go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle with whips.

Glou. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord. Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and they follow and cry, 'A miracle!'*

King. O God, seest Thou this, and bearest so long?

Queen. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glou. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glou. Let them be whipped through every market-town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came. [*Exeunt Wife, Beadle, Mayor, etc.*

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap and fly away.

Glou. But you have done more miracles than I; You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,
Have practised dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches and with conjurers:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy-council;
As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

Glou. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart:
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

King. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Queen. Gloucester, see here the tainture of thy nest,
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glou. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have loved my king and commonweal:
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
Noble she is, but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue and conversed with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company,

And give her as a prey to law and shame,
That have dishonour'd Gloucester's honest name.
King. Well, for this night we will repose us here:
To-morrow toward London back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers,
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II.

London. The Duke of York's garden.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave
In this close walk to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.
Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.
War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.
York. Then thus:
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield, and the third,
Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.

Edward the Black Prince died before his father,
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who after Edward the Third's death reign'd as king;
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seized on the realm, deposed the rightful king,
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

Var. Father, the duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

York. The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose line
I claim the crown, had issue, Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March:
Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March;
Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard Earl of Cambridge; who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger Earl of March, who was the son

Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
And in this private plot be we the first
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that 's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you as I do in these dangerous days:
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham and all the crew of them,
Till they have snared the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey:
'Tis that they seek, and they in seeking that
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself

Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the king.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A hall of justice.

Sound trumpets. Enter the King, the Queen, Gloucester, York, Suffolk, and Salisbury; the Duchess of Gloucester, Margery Jourdain, Southwell, Hume, and Bolingbroke, under guard.

King. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester's wife:
In sight of God and us, your guilt is great:
Receive the sentence of the law for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudged to death.
You four, from hence to prison back again;
From thence unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

Glou. Eleanor, the law, thou see'st, hath judged thee:
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.

[*Exeunt Duchess and other prisoners, guarded.*

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!

I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace and mine age would ease.

King. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester: ere thou go,
Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide and lantern to my feet:
And go in peace, Humphrey, no less beloved
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Queen. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.
God and King Henry govern England's realm.
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glou. My staff? here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*

Queen. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey Duke of Gloucester scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once;
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.
This staff of honour raught, there let it stand
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

York. Lords, let him go. Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Queen. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.
King. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:
Here let them end it; and God defend the right!
York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter at one door, Horner, the Armourer, and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him and his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; and at the other door Peter, his man, with a drum and sand-bag, and 'Prentices drinking to him.

First Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack: and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.
Sec. Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.
Third Neigh. And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.
Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I 'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!
First 'Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee: and be not afraid.
Sec. 'Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the 'prentices.
Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world. Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron: and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer: and here, Tom, take all the

money that I have. O Lord bless me! I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. Sirrah, what 's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow!

York. Dispatch: this knave's tongue begins to double. Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants!

[*Alarum. They fight, and Peter strikes him down.*

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

[*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

King. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For by his death we do perceive his guilt:
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[*Sound a flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A street.

Enter Gloucester and his Serving-men, in mourning cloaks.

Glou. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
Sirs, what 's o'clock?
Serv. Ten, my lord.
Glou. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people gazing on thy face,
With envious looks laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But, soft! I think she comes; and I 'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of Gloucester in a white sheet, and a taper burning in her hand; with Sir John Stanley, the Sheriff, and Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we 'll take her from the sheriff.
Glou. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.
Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze!
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful looks,

And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine!

Glou. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself!
For whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light and night my day;
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I 'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince and ruler of the land:
Yet so he ruled, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild and blush not at my shame,
Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;
For Suffolk—he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all—
And York and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all limed bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they 'll tangle thee:

Glo. "Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief."
Duch. "Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself!"

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But fear not thou, until thy foot be snared,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.
Glou. Ah, Nell, forbear! thou aimest all awry;
I must offend before I be attainted;
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wiped away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament,
Holden at Bury the first of this next month.
Glou. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.
[*Exit Herald.*
My Nell, I take my leave: and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.
Sher. An 't please your grace, here my commission stays,
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.
Glou. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?
Stan. So am I given in charge, may 't please your grace.
Glou. Entreat her not the worse in that I pray
You use her well: the world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness if
You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell!

Duch. What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell!
Glou. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.
[*Exeunt Gloucester and Serving-men.*
Duch. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me: my joy is death,—
Death, at whose name I oft have been afear'd,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.
Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.
Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;
There to be used according to your state.
Duch. That 's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be used reproachfully?
Stan. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady;
According to that state you shall be used.
Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.
Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.
Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharged.
Come, Stanley, shall we go?
Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.
Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

The Abbey at Bury Saint Edmund's.

Sound a Sennet. Enter King, Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Salisbury and Warwick to the Parliament.

King. I muse my Lord of Gloucester is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.
Queen. Can you not see? or will ye not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself,
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time since he was mild and affable,
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admired him for submission:
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
But great men tremble when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First note that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then it is no policy,
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,

That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,
And when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they 'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say I wrong'd the duke.
My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove my allegation, if you can;
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
Or, if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,
As next the king he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloucester is a man
Unsounded yet and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?
York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.
Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.
King. My lords, at once: the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise: but, shall I speak my conscience,
Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild and too well given
To dream on evil or to work my downfall.
Queen. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance!
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he 's disposed as the hateful raven:
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he 's inclined as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!
King. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?
Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.
King. Cold news, Lord Somerset: but God's will be done!

York. [*Aside*] Cold news for me; for I had hope of France
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away;
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glou. Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

Glou. Is it but thought so? what are they that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England!
That doit that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No; many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,

Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glou. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders never heard of,
That England was defamed by tyranny.

Glou. Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleeced poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment:
Murder indeed, that bloody sin, I tortured
Above the felon or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd:
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

King. My Lord of Gloucester, 'tis my special hope
That you will clear yourself from all suspect:
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glou. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous:
Virtue is choked with foul ambition,
And charity chased hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exiled your highness' land.
I know their complot is to have my life;
And if my death might make this island happy,

And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness:
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburthens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life:
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy:
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together—
Myself had notice of your conventicles—
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected:
'A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.'

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable:
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife and traitors' rage
Be thus upbraided, chid and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear

False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Queen. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glou. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed;
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He 'll wrest the sense and hold us here all day:
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glou. Ah! thus King Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body.
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.
[*Exit, guarded.*

King. My lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best,
Do or undo, as if ourself were here.

Queen. What, will your highness leave the Parliament?

King. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,
My body round engirt with misery,
For what 's more miserable than discontent?
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth and loyalty:
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come
That e'er I proved thee false or fear'd thy faith.
What louring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords and Margaret our queen
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong nor no man wrong;
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,

Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,
Even so remorseless have they borne him hence;
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss,
Even so myself bewails good Gloucester's case
With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him and cannot do him good,
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan
Say 'Who's a traitor? Gloucester he is none.'

[*Exeunt all but Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, and York. Somerset remains apart.*

Queen. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity, and Gloucester's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers,
Or as the snake roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I—
And yet herein I judge mine own wit good—
This Gloucester should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life,
The commons haply rise, to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,

More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!

York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.
But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk.
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls:
Were 't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Queen. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and were 't not madness, then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold:
Who being accused a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature proved an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphrey, proved by reasons, to my liege.
And do not stand on quillets how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first that first intends deceit.

Queen. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke and seldom meant:
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,

Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
Say you consent and censure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Queen. And so say I.

York. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Post.

Post. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow uncurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither:
'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
I rather would have lost my life betimes
Than bring a burthen of dishonour home,
By staying there so long till all were lost.
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserved so whole do seldom win.

Queen. Nay, then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:

No more, good York; sweet Somerset, be still:
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have proved far worse than his.
York. What, worse than nought? nay, then, a shame take all!
Som. And, in the number, thee that wishest shame!
Car. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kernes of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?
York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.
Suf. Why, our authority is his consent,
And what we do establish he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
York. I am content: provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.
Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off; the day is almost spent:
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.
York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I 'll ship them all for Ireland.
Suf. I 'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.
[*Exeunt all but York.*
York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hopest to be, or what thou art

Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying:
Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain more busy than the labouring spider
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet be well assured
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell;
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kernes,
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine;
And, in the end being rescued, I have seen

Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kerne,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And given me notice of their villanies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say he be taken, rack'd and tortured,
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I moved him to those arms.
Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Bury St. Edmund's. A room of state.

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

First Mur. Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know
We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

Sec. Mur. O that it were to do! What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter Suffolk.

First Mur. Here comes my lord.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?

First Mur. Ay, my good lord, he 's dead.
Suf. Why, that 's well said. Go, get you to my house;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things well,
According as I gave directions?
First Mur. 'Tis, my good lord.
Suf. Away! be gone. [*Exeunt Murderers.*

Sound trumpets. Enter the King, the Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Somerset, with Attendants.

King. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;
Say we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.
Suf. I 'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*
King. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloucester
Than from true evidence of good esteem
He be approved in practice culpable.
Queen. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!
King. I thank thee, Nell; these words content me much.

Re-enter Suffolk.

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what 's the matter, Suffolk?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloucester is dead.
Queen. Marry, God forfend!
Car. God's secret judgement: I did dream to-night
The duke was dumb and could not speak a word.
[*The King swoons.*

Queen. How fares my lord? Help, lords! the king is dead.
Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.
Queen. Run, go, help, help! O Henry, ope thine eyes!
Suf. He doth revive again: madam, be patient.
King. O heavenly God!
Queen. How fares my gracious lord?
Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!
King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:
Yet do not go away: come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life but double death, now Gloucester 's dead.
Queen. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:
And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,

And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends:
It may be judged I made the duke away;
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death: ay me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

King. Ah, woe is me for Gloucester, wretched man!

Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper; look on me.
What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb?
Why, then, dame Eleanor was ne'er thy joy.
Erect his statuë and worship it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea,
And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well forewarning wind
Did seem to say 'Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore'?
What did I then, but cursed the gentle gusts,
And he that loosed them forth their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty-vaulting sea refused to drown me,
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore,

With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Eleanor.
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm,
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds—
And threw it towards thy land: the sea received it,
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue,
The agent of thy foul inconstancy,
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts commenced in burning Troy!
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
Ay me, I can no more! die, Eleanor!
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter Warwick, Salisbury, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.

The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

King. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That shall I do, my liege. Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude till I return. [*Exit.*

King. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
For judgement only doth belong to Thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
And to survey his dead and earthly image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

Re-enter Warwick and others, bearing Gloucester's body on a bed.

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

King. That is to see how deep my grave is made;
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
For seeing him I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live

With that dread King, that took our state upon him
To free us from his father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale and bloodless
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood,
His eye-balls further out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life and was by strength subdued:
Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes,
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend;
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Queen. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.
War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.
Queen. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? Where 's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? Where are his talons?
Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
But here 's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.
Say, if thou darest, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.
[*Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others.*
War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?
Queen. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.
War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.
Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;
And after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou darest go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
Unworthy though thou art, I 'll cope with thee
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.
[*Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.*

King. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
[*A noise within.*

Queen. What noise is this?

Re-enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.

King. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick with the men of Bury
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Sal. [*To the Commons, entering*] Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless Lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty,
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest
In pain of your dislike or pain of death,
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were waked,
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal;
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whether you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is,
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons [*within*]. An answer from the king, my Lord of Salisbury!

Suf. 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,

Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won
Is, that he was the lord ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons [*within*]. An answer from the king, or we will all break in!

King. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:
And therefore, by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.
[*Exit Salisbury.*

Queen. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

King. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk!
No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word,
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.
If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.
[*Exeunt all but Queen and Suffolk.*

Queen. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!

Heart's discontent and sour affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There 's two of you; the devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Queen. Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burthen'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Queen. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Queen. " O,
Let me entreat thee, cease! Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears; "

King Henry VI. P. 2. Act 3, Scene 2.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Queen. O, let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for thee!
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmised whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assured,
Adventure to be banished myself:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go; speak not to me; even now be gone.
O, go not yet! Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished;
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world,

And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more: live thou to joy thy life;
Myself no joy in nought but that thou livest.

Enter Vaux.

Queen. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I prithee?
Vaux. To signify unto his majesty
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp and stare and catch the air,
Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow as to him
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.
Queen. Go tell this heavy message to the king.
[*Exit Vaux.*
Ay me! what is this world! what news are these!
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears,
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?
Now get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming;
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,

As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it lived in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee were but to die in jest;
From thee to die were torture more than death:
O, let me stay, befall what may befall!

Queen. Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I 'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Queen. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the wofull'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

Queen. This way for me.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Scene III.

A bedchamber.

Enter the King, Salisbury, Warwick, to the Cardinal in bed.

King. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I 'll give thee England's treasure
Enough to purchase such another island,

So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

King. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible.

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
O, torture me no more! I will confess.
Alive again? then show me where he is:
I 'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

King. O thou eternal mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin!

Sal. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

King. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

King. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*

Car. "... O, torture me no more! I will confess.
Alive again? then show me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—"

King Henry VI. P. 2. Act 3, Scene 3.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

The coast of Kent.

Alarum. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, Walter Whitmore, and others; with them Suffolk, and others, prisoners.

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who, with their drowsy, slow and flagging wings,
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discoloured shore.
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;
The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

First Gent. What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?
Cut both the villains' throats; for die you shall:
The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Be counterpoised with such a petty sum!

First Gent. I 'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

Sec. Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou die;
[*To Suf.*
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

Suf. Look on my George; I am a gentleman:
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now! why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by water I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
Thy name is Gualtier, being rightly sounded.

Whit. Gualtier or Walter, which it is, I care not:
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wiped away the blot;
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defaced,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

Whit. The Duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:
Jove sometime went disguised, and why not I?

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,

And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
Remember it and let it make thee crest-fall'n,
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride;
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou darest not, for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Pole.

Suf. Pole!

Cap. Pool! Sir Pool! lord!
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips that kiss'd the queen shall sweep the ground;
And thou that smiledst at good Duke Humphrey's death
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.

By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorged
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
And now the house of York, thrust from the crown
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-faced sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ 'Invitis nubibus.'
The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
And, to conclude, reproach and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee. Away! convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones suck not eagles' blood but rob bee-hives:
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage and not remorse in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee waft me safely cross the Channel.

ap. Walter,—

'hit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

uf. Gelidus timor occupat artus: it is thee I fear.

'hit. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.
What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

irst Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

uf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Used to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any
Save to the God of heaven and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:
More can I bear than you dare execute.

ap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

uf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot!
Great men oft die by vile bezonians:
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.
[*Exeunt Whitmore and others with Suffolk.*

ap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore come you with us and let him go.
[*Exeunt all but the First Gentleman.*

Re-enter Whitmore with Suffolk's body.

'hit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,

Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*

First Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[*Exit with the body.*

Scene II.

Blackheath.

Enter George Bevis and John Holland.

Bevis. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath: they have been up these two days.

Holl. They have the more need to sleep now, then.

Bevis. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

Holl. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

Bevis. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

Holl. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Bevis. Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.

Holl. True; and yet it is said, labour in thy vocation; which is as much to say as, let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Bevis. Thou hast hit it; for there 's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

Holl. I see them! I see them! There 's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham,—

Bevis. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's-leather of.

Holl. And Dick the butcher,—

Bevis. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Holl. And Smith the Weaver,—

Bevis. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

Holl. Come, come, let 's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter Cade, Dick Butcher, Smith the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

Dick. [*Aside*] Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. [*Aside*] He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. [*Aside*] I knew her well; she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. [*Aside*] She was, indeed, a pedler's daughter, and sold many laces.

Smith. [*Aside*] But now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. [*Aside*] Ay, by my faith, the field is honour-

able; and there was he born, under a hedge, for his father had never a house but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. [*Aside*] A' must needs; for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. [*Aside*] No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. [*Aside*] He need not fear the sword; for his coat is of proof.

Dick. [*Aside*] But methinks he should stand in fear of fire; being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass: and when I am king, as king I will be,—

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people: there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let 's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some

say the bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now! who 's there?

Enter some, bringing forward the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here 's a villain!

Smith. Has a book in his pocket with red letters in 't.

Cade. Nay, then, he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write courthand.

Cade. I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters: 'twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him! he 's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

[*Exit one with the Clerk.*

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where 's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I 'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is a'?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [*Kneels*] Rise up, Sir John Mortimer. [*Rises*] Now have at him!

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford and his Brother, with drum and soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down;
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom:
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

Bro. But angry, wrathful, and inclined to blood,
If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not:
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That 's false.

Cade. Ay, there 's the question; but I say, 'tis true:
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stolen away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age:
His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

Bro. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. [*Aside*] He lies, for I invented it myself. Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that, for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I 'll be protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore, we 'll have the Lord Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason: for thereby is England mained, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French; and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O, gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies; go to, then, I ask but this: can

he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be
a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we 'll have his head.

Bro. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away; and throughout every town
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors:
And you that be the king's friends, follow me.
[*Exeunt the two Staffords, and soldiers.*

Cade. And you that love the commons, follow me.
Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon;
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would, but that they dare not, take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order when we are most out of order. Come, march forward. [*Exeunt*

Scene III.

Another part of Blackheath.

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are slain
Enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where 's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will

I reward thee, the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear [*putting on Sir Humphrey's brigandine*]; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse heels till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let 's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

London. The palace.

Enter the King with a supplication, and the Queen with Suffolk's head, the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Say.

Queen. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge and cease to weep,
But who can cease to weep and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
But where 's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

King. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,

Will parley with Jack Cade their general:
But stay, I 'll read it over once again.

Queen. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Ruled, like a wandering planet, over me,
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

King. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

King. How now, madam!
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Queen. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now! what news? why comest thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,
And calls your grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars and intend their death.

King. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,
Until a power be raised to put them down.

Queen. Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeased!
King. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee;
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.
Say. So might your grace's person be in danger.
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge:
The citizens fly and forsake their houses:
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.
Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.
King. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.
Queen. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.
King. Farewell, my lord: trust not the Kentish rebels.
Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.
Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

London. The Tower.

Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower, walking. Then enter two or three Citizens below.

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?
First Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: the lord mayor craves aid of

your honour from the Tower to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself;
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Goffe;
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so, farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

London. Cannon Street.

Enter Jack Cade and the rest, and strikes his staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he 'll never call ye Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there 's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then, let 's go fight with them: but first, go and set London bridge on fire; and, if

you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let 's away. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

London. Smithfield.

Alarums. Matthew Goffe is slain, and all the rest. Then enter Jack Cade, with his company.

Cade. So, sirs: now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

Holl. [*Aside*] Mass, 'twill be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. [*Aside*] Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

Holl. [*Aside*] Then we are like to have biting statutes unless his teeth be pulled out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here 's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George Bevis, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Mounsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this; 'tis 'bona terra, mala gens.'

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.
Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy,
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have moved me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king,
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me:
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then and the help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I 'll be even with you: I 'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth or honour? speak.
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

Cade. [*Aside*] I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I 'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,

God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

ade. Away with him! and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some with Lord Say.*

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it: men shall hold of me in capite; and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.

ick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside and take up commodities upon our bills?

ade. Marry, presently.

ll. O, brave!

Re-enter one with the heads.

ade. But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss. Away! [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.

Southwark.

larum and retreat. Enter Cade and all his rabblement.

ade. Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' Corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!

[*Sound a parley.*] What noise is this I hear?
Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley,
when I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham and Clifford, attended.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy whilst 'tis offer'd you;
Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say 'God save his majesty!'
Who hateth him and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave? And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives

and daughters before your faces: for me, I will make shift for one; and so, God's curse light upon you all!

All. We 'll follow Cade, we 'll follow Cade!

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you 'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Were 't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas and vanquish you?
Methinks already in this civil broil
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying 'Villiago!' unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
Spare England, for it is your native coast:
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we 'll follow the king and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me. My sword make way for me, for here is no staying. In despite of the devils and hell, have through the

very middest of you! and heavens and honour
be witness that no want of resolution in me,
but only my followers' base and ignominious
treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [*E*

Buck. What, is he fled? Go some, and follow him;
And he that brings his head unto the king
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.
[*Exeunt some of them.*

Follow me, soldiers: we 'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.

Kenilworth Castle.

Sound trumpets. Enter King, Queen, and Somerset, on the terrace.

King. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle
But I was made a king, at nine months old.
Was never subject long'd to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your majesty!

King. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surprised?
Or is he but retired to make him strong?

Enter, below, multitudes, with halters about their necks.

Clif. He is fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

King. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advertised
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of gallowglasses and stout kernes
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd;
Like to a ship that, having 'scaped a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate:
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispersed;
And now is York in arms to second him.
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
And ask him what 's the reason of these arms.
Tell him I 'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord,
I 'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

King. In any case, be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal
As all things shall redound unto your good.

King. Come, wife, let 's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene X.

Kent. Iden's garden.

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so hungry that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word 'sallet' was born to do me good: for many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart pot to drink in; and now the word 'sallet' must serve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning,
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy:
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here 's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him: but I 'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?
Is 't not enough to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.

Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks:
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard! Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God on my knees thou mayst be turned to hob-nails. [*Here they fight. Cade falls.* O, I am slain! famine and no other hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I 'ld defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is 't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got

Cade. Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victory.
Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man,
and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I,

that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.
Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee;
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.
[*Exit.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

Enter York, and his army of Irish, with drum and colours.

York. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah! sancta majestas, who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold.
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword or sceptre balance it:
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,
On which I 'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why thou, being a subject as I am,
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Should raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. [*Aside*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great:
O, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.
I am far better born than is the king,
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
But I must make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak and I more strong.—
Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither
Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?
Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.
York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay and every thing you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love;
I 'll send them all as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have,
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.
Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
York. In all submission and humility
York doth present himself unto your highness.
King. Then what intends these forces thou dost bring?
York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden, with Cade's head.

Iden. If one so rude and of so mean condition
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.
King. The head of Cade! Great God, how just art Thou!
O, let me view his visage, being dead,

That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an 't like your majesty.

King. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that 's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.

King. Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks,
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege! [*Rises.*

Enter Queen and Somerset.

King. See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with the queen:
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Queen. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand and front him to his face.

York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?
False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king,
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which darest not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine,

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail:
[*Exit Attendant.*
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They 'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Queen. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
To say if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
[*Exit Buckingham.*

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys!

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come: I 'll warrant they 'll make it good.

Enter Clifford and his son.

Queen. And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king!
[*Kneels.*

York. I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.
Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
But thou mistakest me much to think I do:
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?
King. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.
Clif. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.
Queen. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.
York. Will you not, sons?
Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.
Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so:
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Enter the Earls of Warwick and Salisbury.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we 'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou darest bring them to the baiting-place.
Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried:

And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

King. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

King. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

King. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,

To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for this wrong
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Queen. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolved for death or dignity.

Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best to go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolved to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I 'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I 'll wear aloft my burgonet,
As on a mountain top the cedar shows
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I 'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.

Rich. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that 's more than thou canst tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you 'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Scene II.

Saint Alban's.

Alarums to the battle. Enter Warwick.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me:
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

How now, my noble lord! what, all a-foot?
York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed,
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit.*
Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?
York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem
But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.
York. So let it help me now against thy sword,

As I in justice and true right express it.

Clif. My soul and body on the action both!

York. A dreadful lay! Address thee instantly.

[*They fight, and Clifford falls.*

Clif. La fin couronne les œuvres. [*Dies.*

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [*Exit.*

Enter Young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly.
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love, nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially but by circumstance
The name of valour. [*Seeing his dead father*] O, let the vile world end,
And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease! Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal

Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,
And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.
[*Exit, bearing off his father.*

Enter Richard and Somerset to fight. Somerset is killed.

Rich. So, lie thou there;
For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*

Fight. Excursions. Enter King, Queen, and others.

Queen. Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame, away!
King. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.
Queen. What are you made of? you 'll nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdom and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom

Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,
As well we may, if not through your neglect,
We shall to London get, where you are loved,
And where this breach now in our fortunes made
May readily be stopp'd.

Re-enter Young Clifford.

Y. Clif. But that my heart 's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly:
But fly you must; uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day and them our fortune give:
Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Fields near Saint Alban's.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard, Warwick, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him,
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time,
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him:

And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all. I thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleased him that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.
York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth.
What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?
War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Alban's battle won by famous York
Shall be eternized in all age to come.
Sound drums and trumpets, and to London all:
And more such days as these to us befall! [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

A', he; I. iii. 6.

Abortive, monstrous, unnatural; IV. i. 60.

Abrook, brook, endure; II. iv. 10.

Absyrtus, Medea's brother, killed and dismembered by her (Theobald's correction of Folios, "*Absirtis*"; Rowe, "*Absirtus*"); V. ii. 59.

Accompt, accounts; IV. ii. 87.

Accuse, accusation; III. i. 160.

Achilles' spear, alluding to the story that Telephus was cured by the rust scraped from Achilles' spear by which he had been wounded; V. i. 100.

Act, put in action (Capell, "*enact*"; Vaughan, "*coact*"); V. i. 103.

Adder, a venomous snake, supposed to stop its ears and render itself deaf (*cp.* Psalm lviii. 4, 5); III. ii. 76.

Address thee, prepare thyself; V. ii. 27

Adsum, I am here (Folio 1, "*Ad sum*"); I. iv. 25.

Advance, raise up; IV. i. 98.

Adventure, run the risk; III. ii. 350.

Advertised, informed; IV. ix. 23.

Advice, deliberate consideration; II. ii. 68.

Advised, careful, II. iv. 36; sedate, V. ii. 47.

——; "are ye a.," did you hear? do you understand? (Capell, "*avis'd*"); II. i. 48.

Æolus, the god of the winds; III. ii. 92.

Affected, aimed at; IV. vii. 100.

Affiance, confidence; III. i. 74.

Affy, affiance; IV. i. 80.

Aidance, assistance; III. ii. 165.

Ajax Telamonius, Ajax the son of Telamon, the Greek hero, who slew a whole flock of sheep, which in his frenzy he took for the sons of Atreus; V. i. 26.

Alder-liefest, dearest, very dearest of all; I. i. 28.

Althæa, the mother of Meleager, the prince of Calydon, whose life was to last only as long as a certain firebrand was preserved; Althæa threw it into the fire, and he died in great torture; I. i. 234.

Amain, in great haste, swiftly; III. i. 282.

Anchises, the father of Æneas; V. ii. 62.

An't like, if it please; V. i. 72.

Approved, proved; III. ii. 22.

Argo, a corruption of *ergo*; IV. ii. 30.

Argues, proves, shows; III. iii. 30.
Argument, a sign in proof; I. ii. 32; III. i. 241.
Arms, coat of arms; IV. i. 42.
As, that (Pope, "*That*"); II. iv. 45.
Ascanius, the son of Æneas; III. ii. 116.
Asmath, the name of an evil spirit; I. iv. 26.
Assay'd, attempted; IV. v. 9.
At once, in a word; III. i. 66.
Attainted, convicted of capital treason; II. iv. 59.
Avoid, avaunt, be gone; I. iv. 42.
Awful, awe-inspiring; V. i. 98.
Awkward, adverse (Pope, "*adverse*"); III. ii. 83.

Bait thy bears; bear-baiting was a popular amusement of Shakespeare's day (Folio 1, "*bate*"; Folio 2, "*baite*"); V. i. 148.
Banditto, outlaw (Folios, "*Bandetto*"); IV. i. 135.
Ban-dogs, fierce dogs held in bands, or chained; I. iv. 20.
Bane, destruction, ruin (Theobald, "*bale*"); V. i. 120.
'*Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate*'; *The Contention* reads "*Abradas, the great Macedonian pirate,*" to whom reference is made in Greene's *Penelope's Web*; Bargulus is mentioned in Cicero's *De Officiis*; his proper name was Bardylis; he was originally a collier, and ultimately became king of Illyria; he was defeated and slain in battle by Philip of Macedon; IV. i. 108.
Basilisk, a fabulous serpent supposed to kill by its look; III. ii. 52.
Basimecu, a term of contempt for a Frenchman; IV. vii. 28.
Beard, defy; IV. x. 40.
Bears; alluding to the cognisance of the Nevils of Warwick, a bear and ragged staff; V. i. 144, 203. (The annexed engraving represents the silver badge still worn by the brethren of the old hospital at Warwick.)

'*The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff.*'

Bear-ward, bear-leader (Pope's correction of Folios 1, 2, "*Berard,*" Folios 3, 4, "*Bearard*"); V. i. 149.
Beat on, hammer on, keep on thinking about; II. i. 20.
Bedlam, a hospital for lunatics; V. i. 131.
Bedlam, lunatic, III. i. 51; V. i. 132.

Beldam, term of contempt for an old woman; I. iv. 44.

Beshrew, woe to; a mild form of imprecation; III. i. 184.

Bested; "worse b.," in a worse plight; II. iii. 56.

Bestrid, bestrode, stood over him in posture of defence; V. iii. 9.

Betime, in good time; III. i. 285.

Bezonians, beggars; IV. i. 134.

Bills; "take up bills," get goods on credit; with a quibble on (1) "bills"= halberds, (2) "bills"= promissory notes; IV. vii. 130.

Blabbing, blurting out secrets; IV. i. 1.

Blood-consuming sighs, referring to the old idea that each sigh drew a drop of blood from the heart; III. ii. 61.

Bona terra, mala gens, i.e. "a good land, a bad people" (quoted by Lord Say, with reference to Kent); IV. vii. 58.

Bones; "by these ten b.," *i.e.* by these ten fingers; an old form of oath; I. iii. 191.

Book, learning (Anon. conj. "*books*"); IV. vii. 74.

Boot, booty; IV. i. 13.

Brave, defy; IV. x. 38.

Brazen, strong, impregnable; III. ii. 89.

Break up, break open (Collier MS., "*break ope*"); I. iv. 21.

Bristol (Folios, "*Bristow*"); III. i. 328.

Broker, agent, negotiator; I. ii. 100.

Brook; "flying at the b.," letting the falcon rise to pursue his game; II. i. 1.

Brook, endure, bear; V. i. 92.

Brow, aspect, appearance (Johnson, "*blow*"; Becket, "*browse*"; Collier (Collier MS.), "*bloom*"; Anon., "*glow*"; Cartwright, "*prime*"); V. iii. 4.

Brown bill, a kind of halberd; IV. x. 14.

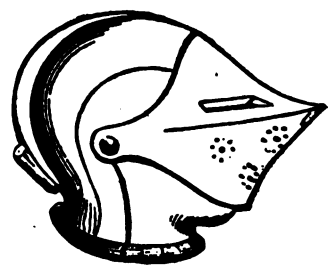
Brush, hurt, injury (Warburton, "*bruise*"); V. iii. 3.

Bucklers, shields, defends; III. ii. 216.

Buckram, coarse linen stiffened with glue; IV. vii. 24.

Bucks, linen for washing; IV. ii. 48.

Burgonet, a close-fitting helmet; V. i. 200.



From a specimen in the Londesborough collection.

But that, only that one; II. i. 99.

Buzz, whisper; I. ii. 99.

By, according to; III. i. 243.

By and by, immediately; II. i. 139.
By that, about that, on that subject; II. i. 16.

Cade, small barrel; IV. ii. 34.
Cage, lock-up; IV. ii. 52.
Callet, a low woman (Dyce's emendation of Folios, "*Callot*"); I. iii. 84.
Calm'd, becalmed; IV. ix. 33.
Cask, casket (Rowe, "*casket*"); III. ii. 409.
Cease, to cause to cease; V. ii. 45.
Censure, opinion; I. iii. 118.
Censure well, approve; III. i. 275.
Chafe, heat, warm; III. ii. 141.
Chaps, jaws, mouth; III. i. 259.
Charm, appease, make silent; IV. i. 64.
Charneco, a kind of sweet wine made at a village near Lisbon; II. iii. 63.
Check'd, reproved, rebuked; I. ii. 54.
Circuit, circlet, diadem; III. i. 352.
Circumstance, detailed phrases; I. i. 105.
Cited, invited, urged; III. ii. 281.
Clapp'd up, shut up; I. iv. 52.
Clerkly, scholarly; III. i. 179.
Clime, country; III. ii. 84.
Clip, embrace, surround (Theobald's correction of Folios, "*Cleape*"; Pope, "*Clap*"); IV. i. 6.
Close, retired, private; II. ii. 3; secret, II. iv. 73.
Clouted shoon, patched shoes; generally used for hobnailed boots; IV. ii. 186.
Collect, gather by observation; III. i. 35.
Colour, pretext; III. i. 236.
Commandments; "my ten c.," my ten fingers; a cant phrase of the time, still in use; I. iii. 143.
Commodities, goods, merchandise; IV. vii. 130.
Companion, fellow; used contemptuously; IV. x. 33.
Complot, plot; III. i. 147.
Concert (Folios, "*Consort*"), a company of musicians; III. ii. 327.
Condition, rank; V. i. 64.
Conduct, conductor, escort; II. iv. 101.
Conduit; IV. vi. 3. *Cp.* illustration.

From La Serre's view of Cheapside, 1639.

Conjurations, incantations; I. ii. 99.
Controller, censurer, detractor, perhaps "dictator"; III. ii. 205.
Convenient, proper, becoming; I. iv. 8.
Conventicles, secret assemblies; III. i. 166.
Corrosive, a pain-giving medicament; III. ii. 403.
Court-hand, the manner of writing used in judicial proceedings; IV. ii. 93.
Courtship, courtliness; I. iii. 55.
Crab-tree, tree that bears crab-apples; III. ii. 214.
Cullions, base wretches; I. iii. 41.
Curst, shrewish, sharp; III. ii. 312.
Custom'd, customary; V. i. 188.

Day, time, space; II. i. 2.
Dead as a door-nail; a proverbial expression; "the door-nail is the nail on which, in ancient doors, the knocker strikes. It is therefore used as a comparison to any one irrecoverably dead, one who has fallen (as Virgil says) *multa morte,* that is, with abundant death, such as iteration of strokes on the head would naturally produce"; IV. x. 43.
Deathful, deadly; III. ii. 404.
Deathsman, executioner; III. ii. 217.
Dedicate, dedicated; V. ii. 37.
Deep-fet, deep-fetched; II. iv. 33.
Demanding of, questioning about; II. i. 172.
Demean, deport, behave; I. i. 188.
Demean'd, conducted; I. iii. 104.
Denay'd, denied (Folio 4, "*deny'd*"); I. iii. 105.
Depart, departure; I. i. 2.
Discharge, (?) payment (perhaps "giving up the troops and turning them over to my command"); I. iii. 170.
Discomfit, discouragement (Folios, "*discomfite*"; Capell, "*discomfort*"); V. ii. 86.
Dispense with, obtain dispensation from; V. i. 181.
Dispursed, disbursed (Folio 4, "*disbursed*"); III. i. 117.
Distract, distracted; III. ii. 318.
Doit, the smallest piece of money; the twelfth part of a penny; III. i. 112.
Drain, drop (Rann, Capell, "*rain*"); III. ii. 142.

Earnest-gaping, earnestly riveted (Anon conj. "*earnest-gazing*"); III. ii. 105.
Effected, effectively proved; III. i. 170.
Emblaze, emblazon, glorify before the world; IV. x. 76.
Emmanuel; an allusion to the fact that documents were frequently headed with the name (*cp.* Kelly's "Notices of Leicester," pp. 119, 207, 227); IV. ii. 98.
Empty, hungry, famished; III. i. 248.

Entreat, treat; II. iv. 81.
Envious, spiteful; II. iv. 12; II. iv. 35; "e. load," load of malice; III. i. 157.
Exorcisms, charms for raising spirits; I. iv. 5.
Expedient, expeditious; III. i. 288.

Fact, deed; I. iii. 174.
Fain of, glad to, fond of; II. i. 8.
False-heart, false-hearted; V. i. 143.
Familiar, familiar spirit; IV. vii. 110.
Favour, lenity; IV. vii. 69.
Fearful, full of fear, III. i. 331; timorous, IV. iv. 2; cowardly, IV. viii. 44.
Fee-simple, lands held in fee-simple; IV. x. 27.
Fell-lurking, lurking to do mischief; V. i. 146.
Felon (?) felony; III. i. 132.
Fence, skill in fencing; II. i. 53.
Fifteens, fifteenths; IV. vii. 21.
Fifteenth, the fifteenth part of all the personal property of a subject; I. i. 133.
Flaw, sudden burst of wind, gust; III. i. 354.
Flower-de-luce, the emblem of France (Folios 1, 2, "*Fleure-de-Luce*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Floure-de Luce*"); V. i. 11.
Fond, foolish; III. i. 36.
Foot-cloth, a kind of housing for a horse, so long that it nearly swept the ground; IV. i. 54.

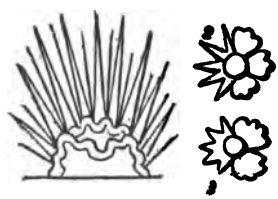
From a XVth century illumination in the National Library, Paris.

For, because; II. iii. 9; on account of (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*with*"); IV. vii. 86.
Force perforce, by very force; I. i. 258.
Forsooth, certainly, in truth; used contemptuously; III. ii. 183.
Forth, forth from (Folios 3, 4, "*from*"); III. ii. 89.
Forthcoming, in custody; II. i. 176.
Fretful, gnawing; III. ii. 403.
From, away from; III. ii. 401.
Furniture, equipment; I. iii. 170.
Furred pack, a kind of knapsack or wallet made of skin with the hair outwards; IV. ii. 48.

Gait, walking (Folios "*gate*"); III. i. 373.
Gallowglasses, heavy-armed foot soldiers of Ireland and the Western Isles; IV. iv. 26.

Gather head, assemble forces; IV. v. 10.
Gear, affair, business (Folios, "*geer*"), I. iv. 16; matter, III. i. 91.
George, badge of the Order of the Garter; IV. i. 29.
Ghost, corpse; III. ii. 161.
Gird, invest (Folios and Quartos "*girt*"); I. i. 65.
Gnarling, snarling; III. i. 192.
Go; "let him g.," *i.e.* let him pass from your thoughts; II. iii. 47.
Go about, attempt; II. i. 143.
Gobbets, mouthfuls; IV. i. 85.
Gone out; "had not gone out," *i.e.* "would not have taken flight at the game"; II. i. 4.
Got, secured; V. iii. 20.
Graceless, impious; IV. iv. 38.
Graft, grafted; III. ii. 214.
Groat, a small piece of money worth four pence; III. i. 113.

Hale, drag forcibly; IV. i. 131.
Half-faced sun, the device on the standard of Edward III.; (Vaughan, "*pale-faced*"); IV. i. 98.



From badges of the House of York, worn by (1) Richard II., (2) Edward IV., (3) Richard III. Figs. (2) and (3) show the conjunction of a half-faced sun and a white rose.

Hammering, pondering; I. ii. 47.
Hamper, fetter, entangle; I. iii. 148.
Hap, fortune; III. i. 314.
Haply, perchance, perhaps; III. i. 240.
Happily, haply, perhaps (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*haply*"); III. i. 306.
Hardly, with difficulty; with play upon *hardly,* scarcely, l. 74 (Theobald, "*hardily*"); I. iv. 73.
Have, possess; V. iii. 20.
Have at him, I shall hit at him; IV. ii. 120.
Heavy, sad, sorrowful; III. ii. 306.
Hempen caudle, a slang phrase for hanging ("caudle," a comforting drink); IV. vii. 91.
Henry, trisyllabic; III. ii. 131.
Here, at this point, IV. iv. 76 (Heath, "*hence*"; Hudson, Walker, "*there*"); II. iv. 79.
Hinds, boors, peasants; III. ii. 271; IV. ii. 121.
Hoise, hoist, heave away (Folios, "*hoyse*"; Quartos, "*heaue*"; Theobald, "*hoist*"); I. i. 169.
Horse, horse's (Folios 3, 4, "*horses*"; Rowe reads "*horse's*"; Capell, "*horse*"); IV. iii. 14.
Hose and doublets; "in their h. and d.," *i.e.* without a cloak; IV. vii. 53.

Household, family (Malone's correction (from Quartos) of Folio 1, "*housed*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*houses*"); V. i. 201.

Housekeeping, keeping open house, hospitality; I. i. 191.

Ill-nurtured, ill-bred (Folio 4, "*ill-natur'd*"); I. ii. 42.

Images (?) dissyllabic (Walker, "*image*'"); I. iii. 61.

Imprimis, firstly, in the first place; I. i. 43.

Impugns, opposes; III. i. 281.

In, into; III. ii. 287.

In capite, a law term, signifying a tenure of the sovereign immediately as feudal lord; used quibblingly; IV. vii. 126.

Inch; "at an i.," in the nick of time; I. iv. 44.

Indigested, formless, shapeless; V. i. 157.

Infortunate, unfortunate (Folios 3, 4, "*unfortunate*"); IV. ix. 18.

Injurious, insolent; I. iv. 50.

Instance, proof; III. ii. 159.

Invitis nubibus, in spite of the clouds (*vide* "*half-faced sun*"); IV. i. 99.

Iris, goddess of the rainbow and messenger of Juno; here, messenger; III. ii. 407.

Item, originally = likewise, used in enumerating; I. i. 50.

Jaded, no better than a jade (Capell, from Quartos, "*jady*"); IV. i. 52.

Jades, term of contempt or pity for a maltreated or worthless horse; applied to the dragons of Night's chariot; IV. i. 3.

Jar, discord; IV. viii. 43.

Joy, enjoy; III. ii. 365.

Ken, descry, discern; III. ii. 101.

Kennel, gutter; IV. i. 71.

Kernes, Irish soldiers; III. i. 310.

Killingworth, an old form of Kenilworth; IV. iv. 39.

Laid, beset, laid with traps; IV. x. 4.

Laugh, smile; "the world may l. again," *i.e.* fortune may smile on me again; II. iv. 82.

Lay, stake, wager (Folios 3, 4, "*day*"); V. ii. 27.

Leave, leave off, desist; II. i. 179; III. ii. 333.

Lesser, smaller; IV. x. 50.

Lewdly, wickedly; II. i. 164.

Liefest, dearest; III. i. 164.

Light, alight, descend; I. iii. 91.

Like; "an it l.," if it please; II. i. 9.

Limed, smeared with birdlime; I. iii. 89.

Lime-twigs, twigs smeared with lime for catching birds; III. iii. 16.

Listen after, gain information about; I. iii. 150.

Lived, would live; II. ii. 399.

Lizards' stings, alluding to the old belief that lizards have stings, which they have not; III. ii. 325.

Loather, more unwilling; III. ii. 355.

Lodged, beat down; technical term for the beating down of grain by violent weather; III. ii. 176.

London-stone, an ancient landmark, still carefully preserved in Cannon Street, London; IV. vi. 2.

From Aggas's *Map of London,* preserved in Guildhall.

Lordings, lords; I. i. 145.

Madding, growing mad with love; III. ii. 117.

Mail'd up in shame, "wrapped up in disgrace"; alluding to the "sheet of penance" (Johnson); II. iv. 31.

Main, chief point; used with play upon "*Maine*" and "*main force*"; I. i. 209.

Mained, maimed (Folio 4, "*maim'd*"); IV. ii. 163.

Make, draw up; IV. ii. 93.

Make shift, contrive; IV. viii. 33.

Mandrake, "a plant the root of which was supposed to resemble the human figure; it was said to cause madness and even death when torn from the ground"; III. ii. 310. (Illustration in *2 Henry IV.*)

Mass, by the mass; an asseveration; II. i. 101.

Mates, checkmates, confounds, disables; III. i. 265.

Mechanical, mechanic; I. iii. 194.

Meetest, most suitable; I. iii. 161.

Mercy; "I cry you m.," I beg your pardon; I. iii. 140.

Mickle, much, great (Folio 2, "*milckie*"; Folios 3, 4, "*milky*"); V. i. 174.

Middest, midst (Folio 4, "*midst*"); IV. viii. 64.

Minion, pert, saucy person; I. iii. 139.

Minister, instrument; III. i. 355.

Miscarry, perish; IV. viii. 49.

Misdoubt, diffidence; III. i. 332.

Monuments, memorials, mementos; III. ii. 342.

Morisco, morris-dancer; III. i. 365.

Mortal, deadly, fatal; III. ii. 263.

Mounsieur, Monsieur; IV. vii. 28.

Mournful, mourning, expressing sorrow; III. i. 226.

Muse, wonder; III. i. 1.

Naughty, bad, wicked; II. i. 164.

Next; "the n.," what follows; III. i. 383.

Nigh, well-nigh, nearly; III. ii. 82.
Nominate, name; II. i. 129.
Notice, information (conj. "*note*"); III. i. 166.
Numbers; "factious n.," bands of factious retainers; II. i. 40.

Obligations, contracts; IV. ii. 93.
Obsequies, shows of love; III. ii. 146.
O'erweening, overbearing, presumptuous; V. i. 151.
Omitting, leaving unregarded; III. ii. 382.
Opposites, adversaries; V. iii. 22.
Order; "take o.," make arrangements, III. i. 320; manner, III. ii. 129.
Out, given out, *i.e.* given up (Walker, "*over*"; Cartwright, "*up*"); IV. viii. 27.
Over-blown, blown over, dispelled; I. iii. 153.

Packing, "send me p.," send me away; III. i. 342.
Pageant (trisyllabic); I. ii. 67.
Palmer's, pilgrim's; V. i. 97.
Palsy, paralysis; IV. vii. 98.
Paly, pale; III. ii. 141.
Part, party; V. ii. 35.
Particularities, single or private respects (opposed to "general" in previous line); V. ii. 44.
Pass, care, regard; IV. ii. 136.
Pen and ink horn; IV. ii. 108. *Cp.* illustration.

From an effigy in Ellesmere Church, Salop.

Period, end, stop; III. i. 149.
Perish, cause to perish; III. ii. 100.
Pinnace, a small two-masted vessel; IV. i. 9.
Pitch, the height to which a falcon soars; II. i. 6.
Plainness, frankness, sincerity; I. i. 101.
Plot, plot of ground, spot; II. ii. 60.
Pointing-stock, object to be pointed at, butt; II. iv. 46.
Pole, pronounced *Poole;* IV. i. 70.
Porpentine, porcupine (Rowe, "*porcupine*"); III. i. 363.
Port, deportment, carriage; IV. i. 19.
Posted over, slurred over; III. i. 255.
Pot; "three-hooped p.," a wooden drinking-vessel bound with hoops; IV. ii. 66.
Power, armed force; IV. iv. 40.
Practice, plotting; III. ii. 22.
Practised, plotted; II. i. 168.

Premised, sent before the time; (Delius, "*promised*"); V. ii. 41.

'Prentice, apprentice; I. iii. 199.

Presence, Cade's blunder for "*presents*"; IV. vii. 29.

Present, immediate; V. iii. 25.

Presently, immediately; I. i. 171; III. ii. 18.

Pretty-vaulting, bounding in a pleasant manner (Folios, "*pretty vaulting*"); III. ii. 94.

Priest, father-confessor; III. i. 272.

Private, retired; II. ii. 60.

Procurator, substitute, proxy; I. i. 3.

Proof; "his coat is of p.," used with a quibble on the two senses of "proof," (1) able to resist, (2) well-worn, long worn; IV. ii. 60.

Proper, handsome; IV. ii. 94.

Proportion, shape, form; I. iii. 55.

Puissant (dissyllabic); IV. ix. 25.

Pursuivant, a lower rank of herald, a state messenger; I. iii. 35.

Puttock's, kite's; III. ii. 191.

Quaint, fine; III. ii. 274.

Quill; "in the q.," *vide* Note; I. iii. 3.

Quillets, subtleties, sly tricks in argument; III. i. 261.

Quire, choir; I. iii. 90.

Quitting, freeing; III. ii. 218.

Rack'd, harassed by exactions; I. iii. 129.

Ragged, rugged, rough; III. ii. 98.

Rascal, rascally; II. iv. 47.

Raught, having been gained (lit. "reached"; Capell, "*w r e n c h e d*"; others = "reft"); II. iii. 43.

Razing, erasing, blotting out; I. i. 101.

Rear, raise; III. ii. 34.

Reave, deprive; V. i. 187.

Relent, yield, comply (Collier MS., "*repent*"); IV. viii. 11.

Remorse, pity, compassion; IV. vii. 107.

Remorseful, compassionate; IV. i. 1.

Repairing; "of such r. nature," *i.e.* so able to recover from defeat; V. iii. 22.

Repeal, recall from banishment; III. ii. 349.

Reprove, disprove, refute; III. i. 40.

Reputing of, boasting of (Rowe, "*by repeating*"); III. i. 48.

Respecting, considering; III. i. 24.

Revénues; I. iii. 81.

Reverent, humble; III. i. 34.

Revolt, turn back (Anon. conj. "*repent*"); IV. ii. 124.

Right now, just now; III. ii. 40.

Roast; "rule the r.," Pope's emendation of Folios "*rost*," Quartos, "*roast*"; Grant White, "*roost*"; according to some the phrase originally meant "to rule the roost," *i.e.* the "hen-roost"; I. i. 109.

Rude, rough, ill-mannered; III. ii. 135.

Ruder, more unrefined; I. i. 30.

Sack, generic name for Spanish and Canary wine; II. iii. 60.

Saint Magnus' corner; IV. viii. 1.

From Aggas's *Map of London*, preserved in Guildhall.

Sallet, salad, IV. x. 9; a kind of helmet, with a play upon the two senses of the word; IV. x. 11.

From an illumination of the XVth century.

Sancta Majestas, sacred majesty (Pope, "*majesty*"; Capell, from Quartos, "*santa maestá*"); V. i. 5.

Savoy, the Palace of the Duke of Lancaster; destroyed by the rebels under Wat Tyler, and not rebuilt till the reign of Henry VII.; IV. vii. 2.

From Aggas's *Map of London*, preserved in Guildhall.

Saws, maxims, moral sayings; I. iii. 59.

Say, a kind of satin; IV. vii. 24.

Scathe, injury; II. iv. 62.

Score, a notch made on a tally; IV. vii. 35.

Seemeth; "me s.," it seems to me; III. i. 23.

Shearman, one who uses the tailor's shears; IV. ii. 132.

Shrewd, bad, evil; II. iii. 41.

Sicil, Sicily; I. i. 6.

Silent; "the s. of the night" (Collier MS., from Quartos, "*silence*"); I. iv. 18.

Silly, poor (used as a term of pity, not of contempt); I. i. 225.

Since, when; III. i. 9.

Sir, a common title of priests; I. ii. 68.

Skills, matters; III. i. 281.

Slough, the skin of a snake; III. i. 229.

Smart, painful; III. ii. 325.

Smooth, bland, insinuative; III. i. 65.
Smoothing, flattering; I. i. 156.
Smooth'st, flatterest; II. i. 22.
So, if only; V. i. 53.
Soft, hush, stop; II. iv. 15.
Sometime, sometimes; II. iv. 42.
Sophister, captious reasoner; V. i. 191.
Sort, company, set, II. i. 164; III. ii. 277.
Sort, adapt, make conformable, II. iv. 68; let it fall out, I. ii. 107.
Sour, bitter; III. ii. 301.
Span-counter, a game "in which one player throws a counter, which the other wins, if he can throw another to hit it, or lie within a span of it" (Nares); IV. ii. 157.
Spleenful, hot, eager; III. ii. 128.
Splitting, wont to split the sides of vessels; III. ii. 97.
Spoil, despoil, plunder; IV. iv. 53.
Sprays, shoots, twigs; II. iii. 45.
Starved, benumbed with cold; III. i. 343.
State, estate; IV. x. 24.
Stays, ceases, ends; II. iv. 76.
Stigmatic, one branded by nature with deformity; V. i. 215.
Still, continually; III. i. 239.
Stomachs, angry tempers; II. i. 56.
Strait, strict (Folio 4, "*strange*"); III. ii. 258.
Straiter, more severely; III. ii. 20.
Stray, vagrant; IV. x. 27.
Strength, army; III. i. 380.
Style; "large style"; high-sounding list of titles; I. i. 111.
Subornation, abetting, inciting; III. i. 45.
Subscribe, yield the point; III. i. 38.
Suddenly, immediately, at once; II. ii. 67.
Suffer'd, allowed to have his way; V. i. 153.
Sufficeth, it sufficeth; IV. x. 24.
Suffocate, suffocated (with a quibble upon "*Suffolk*"); I. i. 124.
Suspect, suspicion (Folios, "*suspence*"; Rowe, "*suspicion*"; Malone (Steevens), "*suspects*"); III. i. 40.
Swallowing; "for s.," that it may not swallow (Folios 3, 4, "*swallowing up*"); IV. i. 74.
Sworder, gladiator; IV. i. 135.
Sylla; Sulla, the rival of Marius; IV. i. 84.

Tainture, defilement; II. i. 185.
Take my death, take it upon my death; an oath; II. iii. 89.
Tally, a stick on which notches or scores were cut to keep accounts by; IV. vii. 35.
Temper, moisten, wet; III. i. 311.
Tend, attend, wait on; III. ii. 304.
Tender, have care for; III. i. 277.

That, would that; I. iv. 30; so that, III. i. 12.
Thorough, through; IV. i. 87.
Threatest, threatenest (Folios 3, 4, "*threaten'st*"); I. iv. 50.
Tickle, ticklish, unstable; I. i. 216.
Tickled, vexed, irritated; I. iii. 151.
Timeless, untimely; III. ii. 187.
Timely-parted, having died a natural death; III. ii. 161.
To, compared to; III. i. 64.
Towards, monosyllabic; III. ii. 90.
Tower, soar, fly high; II. i. 10.
Treasury, treasure; I. iii. 132.
Trencher, plate; IV. i. 57.
Trow'st, thinkest; II. iv. 38.
Tully, Cicero; IV. i. 136.
Tumble down, make to fall; I. ii. 48.
Twit, twitted; III. i. 178.
Two-hand sword, sword wielded with two hands; II. i. 46.

Uncivil, ill-mannered, rude; III. i. 310.
Uncurable, incurable (Folios 3, 4, "*incurable*"); III. i. 286.
Uneath, not easily; II. iv. 8.
Unmeet, unsuitable; I. iii. 167.
Untutor'd, untaught, rude; III. ii. 213.

Vantages, advantages; I. i. 131.
Verge, compass, circle; I. iv. 24.
Villiago, base coward (Theobald reads "*Villageois*"; Capell, "*Viliaco*"; a corruption of Italian *Vigliacco,* rascal; IV. viii. 48.
Void, devoid; IV. vii. 66.
Voiding lobby, ante-room, waiting room; IV. i. 61.

Waft, carry, bear; IV. i. 114.
Walter, pronounced "water"; IV. i. 31.
Waning, decline, loss (Rowe, "*waining*"; Folios, "*warning*"); IV. x. 22.
Ward, custody, confinement; V. i. 112.
Well given, well-disposed; III. i. 72.
What, who; III. i. 107; whatever, III. i. 132.
Where, whereas; III. ii. 394.
Whether, monosyllabic (Folios, "*where*"); III. ii. 265.
White Hart, probably a tavern in Southwark; used with a quibble on white-heart = cowardly (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*white-heart*"); IV. viii. 25.
Who, whom; III. ii. 127; he who; IV. viii. 14.
Whom, which; III. ii. 345.
Wink, shut your eyes; II. i. 105.
Witch, bewitch (Theobald's correction of Folios, "*watch*"); III. ii. 116.
With; "I am with you," I'll be there, I understand; II. i. 49.
Woe, woful; "be w. for me," be sorrowful, feel sorrow, for me; III. ii. 73.
Worm, snake, serpent; III. ii. 263.
Worn, effaced from memory; II. iv. 69.

Worthy, worthy of; III. i. 68.
Would, requires, desires; II. iii. 21.
Wreck, ruin (Folios, "*wrack*"); I. iii. 125.
Wrest, misinterpret; III. i. 186.
Wrested, took wrongfully; III. i. 112.

Y-clad, clad; I. i. 33.
Yet, still, even then; II. iv. 65.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 1. *'As by your high,'* etc.; *'The Contention'* reads:—*'As by your high imperial majesty's command.'*

I. i. 7. *'and'*; the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4 omit it.

I. i. 19. *'lends'*; Rowe, *'lend'st.'*

I. i. 50. *'duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine'*; changed by Capell from Quartos to *'dutchies of Anjou and Maine.'*

I. i. 63. *'kneel down'*; Pope reads *'kneel you down'*; Keightley, Collier MS., *'kneel thee down.'* Perhaps *'kneel'* is to be read as a dissyllable.

I. i. 88. *'Beaufort'*; Folios read *'Beauford'*; Rowe, *'Bedford.'*

I. i. 93. *'And had his highness in his infancy Crowned'*; Grant White's emendation of Folios, *'And hath . . . Crowned'*; Rowe reads, *'And was . . . Crowned'*; Capell, *'Or hath . . . Been crown'd'*; Malone, *'And hath . . . Been crown'd.'*

I. i. 102. *'Defacing'*; Capell reads, *'Reversing,'* following *'The Contention.'*

I. i. 247. *'humours fits'*; so Folios, Quartos; Rowe reads *'humour fits'*; Malone, *'humours fit.'*

I. ii. 22. *'My troublous dream this night doth make me sad'*; Capell's emendation of Folios, *'My troublous dreames . . . doth,'* etc.

I. ii. 38. *'And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd'*; *'are'*, Hanmer's correction from Quartos; Folios 1, 2, read, *'wer'*; Folios 3, 4, *'were.'*

I. ii. 59. *'thou wilt ride with us'*; Dyce, from Quartos, *'thou 'lt ride with us, I 'm sure'*; Hanmer, *'thou too wilt ride with us'*; Vaughan, *'thou; thou wilt ride with us.'*

I. ii. 71. *'What say'st thou? majesty!'*; Capell reads from Quartos, *'My majesty! why man'*; Vaughan, *'What say'st thou, "Majesty"?'* etc.

I. ii. 100. *'A crafty knave does need no broker'*; an old proverb given in Ray's collection.

I. iii. 3. *'In the quill'*; Hanmer, *'in quill'*; Jackson, *'in quiet'*; Singer, *'in the coil'*; Collier MS., *'in sequel,'* etc. In Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary, 1761, the phrase is rendered, *'ex compacto agunt.'* Halliwell and others explain it also as 'all together in a body.' This interpretation is borne out by a passage in *'The Devonshire Damsel's Frolic,'* one of the 'Songs and Sonnets in the collection called 'Choyce Drollery,' etc. (1656):—

> *"Thus those females were all in a quill*
> *And following on their pastimes still."*

No satisfactory explanation has yet been given of the origin of the phrase. The following solution is suggested:—*'the quill'* I take to be a popular elaboration of the more correct phrase *'a quill,'* which occurs in the ballad quoted; the latter seems to be a corruption of French *accueil,* O.F. *acueil, acoil, akel, achoil,* etc., 'a gathering together.' It is noteworthy that a verb *'aquyle'* occurs in one passage in Middle English, where in all probability, it is the English form of the verb *'accuelillir.'* (*Cp. Pearl,* ed. Gollancz, p. 122.)

I. iii. 31. *'master was'*; Warburton's emendation of Folios, *'mistress was.'*

I. iii. 69. *'haughty'*; probably an error for *'haught,'* the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Pope, *'proud.'*

I. iii. 91. *'to the lays'*; Rowe, *'their lays.'*

I. iii. 147. *'most master wear'*; *'master,'* Halliwell, *'masters'*; *'wear,'* so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'wears,' 'most master'* = 'the one who is most master,' *i.e.* 'the queen.'

I. iii. 151. *'fume needs'*; Grant White (Dyce and Walker conj.) *'fury,'* which seems a most plausible emendation; *'needs,'* the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'can need'*; Keightley, *'needs now.'*

I. iii. 152. *'far'*; Pope reads *'fast,'* adopted by many editors.

I. iii. 206. *'This doom, my lord, if I may judge'*; Capell reads *'This do, my lord, if I may be the judge'*; Dyce from Quartos, *'This is my doom, my lord, if I may judge'*; Vaughan conjectured *'This doom, my lord, if I may judge, is law'*; Collier MS., *'This doom, my gracious lord, if I may judge.'*

I. iii. 216. *'the spite of man'*; Capell reads *'the sight of my master'*; Folios 2, 3, read *'the spite of my man'*; Folio 4, *'the spite of my master'*; Collier MS., *'the spite of this man'*; Steevens, *'the spite of a man'*; Vaughan conj. *'the spite of many.'*

I. iv. 34. '*What fates await*'; so Folios; Pope reads, '*Tell me what fates await*'; Capell, '*What fate awaits*'; Vaughan, '*What fates awaiteth them*'; Wordsworth, '*Tell me what fate awaits.*'

I. iv. 44. '*we watch'd you at an inch*'; Daniel, '*we've catch'd in the nick,*' or '*at the nick.*'

I. iv. 64. '*Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse*'; the ambiguous answer which Pyrrhus received from the oracle at Delphi before his war against the Romans; meaning either 'I say that thou, the descendant of Æacus, mayest conquer the Romans,' or, 'I say that the Romans may conquer thee, descendant of Æacus'; '*be*' inserted by Warburton; Folios 1, 2, read, '*Æacida*'; Folios, 3, 4, '*Æacide*'; Rowe, '*te Æacidem.*'

II. i. 24. '*Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?*' 'Is such resentment found in heavenly minds?' (*Æneid*, i. 15.) Omitted by Pope.

II. i. 26. '*With such holiness can you do it*'; omitted by Pope. Warburton, '*With such holiness can you not do it?*'; Johnson, '*A churchman, with such,*' etc.; Collier MS., '*And with such holiness you well can do it*'; the old play '*dote*' for '*do it.*' Many emendations have been proposed. If the original reading is retained, it must be considered ironical.

II. i. 29. '*you*'; Pope, '*yourself.*'

II. i. 34. '*furious*'; Folio 2, '*too-too furious.*'

II. i. 47. ll. 47 to 49, given in Folios to Gloster; corrected by Theobald.

II. i. 54. '*Medice, teipsum—*'; "Physician, heal thyself"; from the Vulgate (Luke iv. 23). Folios read '*Medice teipsum*'; Rowe, '*Medice cura teipsum*' etc.; omitted by Pope.

II. i. 69. '*To present your highness with the man*'; Pope reads, '*Before your highness to present the man*'; Capell, '*Come to present your highness with the man,*' etc.

II. i. 91. '*Simpcox*'; Pope's emendation (Theobold conj.) of Folios '*Symon*'; Capell, '*Saunder.*'

II. i. 135. '*things called whips*'; Halliwell and others quote from Armin's *Nest of Ninnies* (1608); 'There are, as Hamlet saies, *things cald whips in store*'; this cannot refer, as has been supposed, to Hamlet's '*whips and scorns of time,*' but may well have occurred in the pre-Shakespearian *Hamlet*. The actual words are to be found in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*:—

> "*Well heaven is heaven still!*
> *And there is Nemesis, and furies,*
> *And things call'd whips.*"

Perhaps Armin wrote 'Hamlet' when he meant 'Jeronimy.'

II. i. 180. '*vanquish'd*'; Walker, '*languish'd*'; Vaughan, '*banish'd.*'

II. ii. 6. '*at full*'; Folios 3, 4, '*thus at full*'; Capell, '*at the full*'; Keightley, '*at full length*'; Marshall, '*told at full.*'

II. ii. 15. '*Edmund*'; Folio 1 reads, '*Edmond*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Edward.*'

II. ii. 27. '*Richard was murder'd traitorously*'; Folio 1 reads '*Richard . . . traiterously*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*King Richard . . . traiterously*'; Pope, '*King Richard trait'rously was murther'd*'; Dyce, '*was harmless Richard murder'd traitorously.*'

II. ii. 28. '*told the truth*'; Hanmer reads '*told the very truth*'; Capell, '*surely told the truth*'; Keightley, '*told the truth in this*'; Marshall, '*the Duke of York hath told the truth.*'

II. ii. 35. '*Philippe,*' Hanmer's correction; Folio 1, '*Philip*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Philip*'; Collier MS., '*Philippa.*'

II. ii. 42. '*Who kept him in captivity till he died*'; "it was really his son-in-law, Lord Grey of Ruthvyn, and not Edmund Mortimer, whom, according to Hall, Owen Glendower kept in captivity till he died" (Malone).

II. ii. 55. '*York claims*'; Pope, '*York here claims*'; Capell, '*but York claims*'; Dyce, '*while York claims*'; Hudson, '*York doth claim.*'

II. iii. 3. '*sins*'; Theobald's emendation *of* '*sinne,*' Folios 1, 2; '*sin*' Folio 3.

II. iii. 14. '*Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death*'; Pope reads '*Welcome is exile,*' etc.; Anon. conjecture, '*Welcome is banishment; welcomer my death*'; Wordsworth, '*Welcome is banishment; welcome were death*'; '*banishment*' is probably to be considered a dissyllable.

II. iii. 20. '*I beseech*'; Hanmer, '*Beseech.*'

II. iii. 21. '*ease,*' the reading of Folios 1, 4; Folios 2, 3, '*cease.*'

II. iii. 29. '*Should be to be protected like a child*'; Collier MS. reads '*Should be protected like a child by peers.*' '*Should be to be*' = 'should need to be.'

II. iii. 30. '*God and King Henry govern England's realm*'; omitted by Capell; '*Realm,*' the reading of Folios; Steevens (Johnson conj.), '*helm*'; Dyce and Staunton, '*helm!*' In the next line Keightley proposed '*helm*' for '*realm.*'

II. iii. 32. Collier MS. inserts after l. 32, '*To think I fain would keep it makes me laugh.*'

II. iii. 35. *'willingly'*; Pope, *'willing'* (from Quartos).

II. iii. 46. *'youngest,'* so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *'younger'*; Singer (Anon conj. MS.), *'strongest'*; Collier MS., *'proudest'*; Staunton, *'haughtiest'*; Kinnear, *'highest.'* Perhaps *'her'* may be taken to refer to *'pride.'*

II. iii. 55. *'defend'*; Pope, *'guard'*; Vaughan, *'fend.'*

II. iii. 92. *'blow'*; Warburton adds, from Quartos, *'as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.'*

II. iii. 100. *'Go, take hence that traitor from our sight'*; Hanmer, *'Go, and take hence,'* etc.; perhaps *'traitor'* should be read as a trisyllable.

II. iv. 3. *'Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold'*; Pope, *'The barren winter, with his nipping cold'*; Capell, *'Bare winter with his wrathful nipping cold'*; Mitford, *'The barren winter with his wrathful cold.'*

II. iv. 5. *'ten'*; Steevens, *''Tis ten o'clock'*; Lettsom, from Quartos, *''Tis almost ten.'*

II. iv. 12. *'laughing'*; so Folios 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'still laughing'*; Hudson (Lettsom conj.) *'and laughing.'*

II. iv. 25. *'thine enemies'*; Folio 4, *'their enemies'*; Rowe, *'our enemies.'*

II. iv. 31. *'with papers on my back'*; "criminals undergoing punishment usually wore papers on their backs containing their offence."

II. iv. 87. *'gone too?'*; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'gone to?'* Collier MS., *'gone so?'*

III. I. 78. *'as is the ravenous wolf'*; Rowe's correction of Folios, *'as is . . . Wolues'*; Malone, *'as are . . . wolves'*; Vaughan, *'as the ravenous wolves.'*

III. i. 98. *'Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush'*; the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Well, Suffolk, yet thou,'* etc.; Malone, from Quartos, *'Well, Suffolk's duke, thou,'* etc.; Dyce (Walker conj.), *'Well, Suffolk, well, thou,'* etc.

III. i. 133. *'easy'*; Collier MS., *'easily'*; Walker, *'very'*; omitted by Wordsworth.

III. i. 151. *'But mine is,'* etc.; Hudson (Lettsom conj.), from Quartos, reads *'But I am,'* etc.; *'mine'* = 'my death.'

III. i. 211. *'strays'*; Theobald (adopting the conj. Thirlby), *'strives'*; Vaughan *'strains.'*

III. i. 223. *'Free loras'*; Hanmer, *'See, lords'*; Dyce (Collier MS.), *'Fair lords'*; Cambridge editors suggest *'My lords.'*

III. i. 280. *'spoke'*; so Folios; Hanmer, *'spoken.'*

III. i. 348. '*nourish*' (monosyllabic) = 'nurse' (verb); (Collier MS. reads '*march*').

III. i. 357. '*John Cade of Ashford*'; Seymour adds, '*with a headlong crew.*'

III. ii. 26. '*Nell*'; Theobald, '*Well*'; Capell, '*Meg*'; Malone, '*Margaret*'; Clark MS., '*well.*' The playwright here, as in other places (*cp.* below, lines 79, 100, 120), seems, by some strange error, to have thought of Eleanor instead of Margaret.

III. ii. 70. '*ay me*'; Pope reads '*ah me.*'

III. ii. 78. Lines 78 to 121 struck out in Collier MS.

III. ii. 79. '*Eleanor*'; *cp. supra,* Note, III. ii. 26.

III. ii. 80. '*Statuë and worship it*'; Keightley correction of Folios, '*Statue, and worship it*'; Rowe reads '*statue, and do worship to it*'; Capell, '*statue then, and worship it*'; Dyce, '*statua and worship it.*'

III. ii. 88. '*gentle*'; Singer (Anon. MS. conj. and Collier MS.) reads '*ungentle,*' destroying the whole point of the passage.

III. ii. 89. '*he,*' *i.e.* Æolus, the God of the winds.

III. ii. 100, 120. '*Eleanor,*' *cp. supra,* Note, III. ii. 26.

III. ii. 147. '*earthy*'; the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*earthly.*'

III. ii. 152. '*For seeing him I see my life in death*'; Folio 4 reads '*For . . . life is Death*'; Johnson, '*For . . . death in life*'; Capell, '*And . . . death in life*'; Rann, '*And . . . life in death*'; Vaughan, '*So . . . myself in death.*'

III. ii. 163. '*being all descended,*' *i.e.* "the blood being."

III. ii. 182. '*And both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes*'; the reading of Folio 1; Folio 2, '*were . . . death*'; Folios 3, 4, '*have . . . death*'; Capell first suggested true reading.

III. ii. 192. '*was dead*'; Vaughan, '*is dead,*' or '*was deaded,*' or '*was ended.*'

III. ii. 244. '*Lord Suffolk*'; the reading of Folios; Malone reads, from Quartos, '*false Suffolk.*'

III. ii. 262. '*harmful*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, read '*harmless.*'

III. ii. 308. '*enemy*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*enemies.*'

III. ii. 322. '*daintiest that*'; Theobald, '*daintiest meat*'; Hanmer (from Quartos), '*daintiest thing*'; Vaughan, '*daintiest cate.*'

III. ii. 344-5. '*That thou mightest think,*' etc. "That by the impression of my kiss forever remaining on thy hand, thou mightest think of those lips through which a thousand sighs will be breathed for thee" (Johnson).

III. ii. 359. '*thence*,' away from the land; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*hence*.'

III. ii. 366. '*no joy*'; Singer (Collier MS.), '*to joy*'; '*nought*,' Folios 3, 4, '*ought*.'

III. iii. 4. '*and feel no pain*'; Theobald reads, from Quartos, '*but one whole year*.'

III. iii. 21-2.

'*O beat away the busy meddling fiend*
That lays strong siege unto this
wretch's soul.'

The annexed cut, from Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, depicts the angels of good and evil contending for a departing soul.

IV. i. 21, 22. '*The lives of those*,' etc., so Folios, with the exception of the note of exclamation, added by Grant White; Knight prints a note of interrogation; Nicholson, '*Shall the lives . . . sum?*' Marshall, '*The lives . . . shall they Be conterpoised*,' etc.

IV. i. 48. Omitted in Folios; restored by Pope (from Quartos).

IV. i. 50. In Folios this line is made part of preceding speech, with '*lowsie*' for '*lowly*,' restored by Pope (from Quartos).

IV. i. 70. 'Cap. *Yes, Pole.* Suf. *Pole!*' added by Capell from Quartos.

IV. i. 85. '*mother's bleeding*,' Rowe's correction of Folios, '*Mother-bleeding*.'

IV. i. 117. '*Gelidus timor occupat artus*,' *i.e.* "chill fear seizes my limbs"; the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1 reads, '*Pine gelidus*'; Theobald, '*Pæne gelidus*,' etc (*cp. Æneid*, vii. 446).

IV. i. 129. Lloyd, '*Exempt from fear is true nobility*.'

IV. i. 136. '*Brutus' bastard hand*'; Theobald proposed '*dastard*,' but afterwards withdrew his suggestion; Servilia, the mother of Brutus, became, it is true, the mistress of Julius Cæsar, but not until after the birth of Brutus.

IV. i. 137, 138. '*savage islanders Pompey the Great*'; the the story of Pompey's death is given in Plutarch; the murderers were Achillas, an Egyptian, and Septimius, who had served under him; perhaps they are described as 'islanders,' because the mur-

der was committed at Pelusium, an island-like spot in the midst of morasses at the easternmost mouth of the Nile.

IV. ii. 86. *'Chatham'*; Rowe's emendation; Folio 1, *'Chartam'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Chattam,'* etc.

IV. ii. 133. *'Adam was a gardener.' Cp.* illustration.

IV. iii. 9. *'a hundred lacking one'*; Malone, *'a hundred lacking one a week,'* from Quartos. In the reign of Elizabeth butchers were not allowed to sell flesh-meat in Lent; by special licenses, however, a limited number of beasts might be killed each week.

IV. iv. 22. Pope, *'Lamenting still and mourning Suffolk's death?'*

IV. iv. 43. *'Lord Say, the traitors hate thee'*; Folio 1, *'hateth'*; Capell, *'traitor rebel hateth'*; Marshall, *'the traitor Jack Cade hateth thee.'*

From a XIVth century sculpture at Rouen.

IV. vii. 36. *'thou hast caused printing to be used'*; printing was not really introduced into England until twenty years later.

IV. vii. 62, 63. Cæsar says in Book V. of the "Commentaries," *'Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt,'* which Golding rendered (1590), *'Of all the inhabitants of this isle, the civilest are the Kentish folke.'*

IV. vii. 64. *'because full'*; Hanmer reads *'beauteous, full'*; Vaughan, *'bounteous, full,'* etc.

IV. vii. 72. *'But to maintain'* (Johnson; Rann); *'Kent to m.,'* the reading of Folios; Steevens, *'Bent to m.'*; Malone, *'Kent to m.,'* etc.

IV. vii. 92. *'The help of hatchet,'* so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'the help of a hatchet'*; Farmer, *'pap with a hatchet,'* a singularly happy emendation.

IV. vii. 113. *'Sir James Cromer'*; it was Sir William Cromer whom Cade beheaded.

IV. viii. 13. *'rebel'*; Singer's emendation (Collier MS. and Anon MS.) of Folios, *'rabble'*; Vaughan, *'ribald.'*

IV. ix. 26. *'Of gallowglasses and stout kernes'*; Hanmer

reads, *'Of desp'rate gallowglasses,'* etc.; Capell, *'Of nimble g.,'* etc.; Dyce, *'Of savage g.,'* etc.; *'stout'*; Mitford, *'stout Irish'*; *'kernes'*; Keightley, *'kernes, he'*; Vaughan, *'kernes supplied.'*

IV. ix. 29. *'arms'*; Folio 1, *'Armes'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Armies.'*

IV. ix. 33. *'calm'd,'* the reading of Folio 4; Folio 1, *'calme'*; Folio 2, *'claimd'*; Folio 3, *'claim'd'*; Beckett, *'cramp'd'*; Walker, *'chased.'*

IV. ix. 36. *'I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him'*; Staunton, *'Go, I pray thee, B.,'* etc.; Rowe reads, *'go and meet with him'*; Malone, *'to go and meet him'*; Steevens (1793), *'go forth and meet him'*; Collier (Collier MS.), *'then go and meet him'*; Dyce, *'go thou and meet him.'*

IV. x. 1. *'Fie on ambition'*; so the later Folios; Folio 1, *'Ambitions.'*

IV. x. 30. *'eat iron like an ostrich.'* *Cp.* illustration.

From a XVth century illumination.

IV. x. 46. *'That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent'*; Capell, *''squir'*; Marshall omits *'an,'* following Hall.

IV. x. 56. *'As for words whose greatness answers words'*; Rowe reads, *'As for more words,'* etc.; Mason, *'As for mere words,'* etc.; Dyce (Anon. conj.), *'But as for words,'* etc., etc.

IV. x. 62. *'God'*; Malone's correction (from Quartos) of *'Ioue'* of the Folios.

IV. x. 84. *'And as I thrust thy body in with my sword'*; Dyce (Lloyd conj.), omits *'in.'*

V. i. 74. *'Alexander Iden, that's my name'*; Capell, *'My name is Alexander Iden, sir'*; Hanmer, *'Ev'n Alexander,'* etc.; Edd., *'Iden, Alexander Iden,'* etc.; Keightley, *'Alexander Iden, that's my name, my liege,'* etc.

V. i. 78. *'Iden, kneel down. Rise up a knight'*; Hanmer reads, *'Iden kneel down; and rise thou up a knight'*; Dyce

(Lettsom conj.) *'Iden, kneel down. Iden, rise up a knight'*; Vaughan, *'Iden, kneel down; and now rise up Sir Alexander.'*

V. i. 95. *'darest'*; monosyllabic; Folio 1, *'dar'st'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'durst.'*

V. i. 109. *'these'*; Theobald's correction of *'thee'* of the Folios.

V. i. 130. *'mistakest'*; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'mistakes.'*

V. i. 146. *'fell-lurking'*; Roderick, *'fell-barking'*; Hudson (Heath conj.), *'fell-lurching'*; Collier (Collier MS.), *'fell-looking'*; Capell, *'fell lurking.'*

V. i. 170. *'shame'*; Dyce (Walker conj.), *'stain.'*

V. i. 211. *'victorious'*; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, read *'victorious noble.'*

V. ii. 28. *'La fin couronne les œuvres'*; *i.e.* 'the end crowns the work.' Folio 1 reads, *'Corrone les eumenes'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Corronne les oevres.'*

V. ii. 42. *'Knit earth and heaven together'*; Vaughan adds *'in one blase.'*

V. ii. 66. *'So, lie thou there'*; Malone supposes that a line has been omitted here, equivalent to *'Behold the prophecy is come to pass'*; Vaughan conj. adds *'fulfilling prophecy.'*

V. ii. 87. *'parts'*; Hanmer reads *'pow'rs'*; Warburton, *'party'*; Collier MS., *'frends'*; Dyce (Walker conj.), *'part.'*

V. iii. 1. *'of'*; Collier MS. (from Quartos), *'Old,'* adopted by Dyce.

V. iii. 29. *'faith'*; Malone's correction (from Quartos); Folios, *'hand.'*

London Bridge.
From an illumination in the poems of the Duke of Orleans (Royal MS., 16F2).

The Battle of Tewksbury.
From a contemporary MS. preserved in the Public Library at Ghent.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

58. *Anjou and Maine*:—The reader will observe that this *item* does not run the same as it did in the hands of Gloucester. Malone thinks that the words of the instrument could not thus vary while it was passing from the hands of Gloucester to those of the Cardinal. Some have supposed that Gloucester had caught the drift and substance of the document, but the dimness of his eyes prevented his reading with literal exactness. But others regard the discrepancy as due to an oversight on the part of the dramatist.

75-103. Every line of this speech, except the first, is marked by Malone, as being altered from the Quarto. That the reader may have a specimen of the changes in the Folio, we subjoin the whole speech as it stands in the Quarto:—

"Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unfold his grief.
What! did my brother Henry toil himself,
And waste his subjects, for to conquer France?
And did my brother Bedford spend his time,
To keep in awe that stout unruly realm?
And have not I and mine uncle Beaufort here
Done all we could to keep that land in peace?
And are all our labours, then, spent quite in vain?
For Suffolk he, the new-made duke that rules the roost,
Hath given away, for our King Henry's queen,
The duchies of Anjou and Maine unto her father.

Ah lords! fatal is this marriage, cancelling our states,
Reversing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as none had ne'er been done."

It will be seen upon comparison, that of twenty-eight lines fifteen were original in the Folio, though the new lines are little more than an amplification of the old thoughts.

105. *This peroration,* etc.:—This speech crowded with so many circumstances of aggravation.

115. *But wherefore weeps,* etc.:—The Salisbury of this play was Richard Neville, second son to Ralph Neville, whom we have met with in *Henry IV.* as Earl of Westmoreland. Richard was married to Alice, the only child and heir of Thomas Montacute, the Earl of Salisbury who was killed at the siege of Orleans in 1428; and thus brought that earldom into the Neville family. His oldest son, Richard, again, was married to Anne, the sister and heir of Henry Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and so succeeded to that earldom in 1449. The dramatist, though he rightly makes Warwick the son of Salisbury, attributes to him the acts of Richard Beauchamp, the Earl of Warwick who figures in the preceding play.

134. *costs and charges*:—Thus Holinshed: "First, the King had not one penie with hir; and for the fetching of hir the Marquesse of Suffolk demanded a whole fifteenth in open parlement. And also there was delivered for hir the duchie of Anjou, the citie of Mans, and the whole countie of Maine, which countries were the verie staies and backestands to the duchie of Normandie."

194. *York*:—This Duke of York married Cicely, daughter to Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, by Joan, his first wife, who again, was daughter to John of Ghent by Catharine Swynford. Salisbury was the son of Westmoreland by a second wife. Of course therefore York's wife was *half-sister* to the Earl of Salisbury. The dramatist here anticipates. York, having been appointed to the regency of France a second time, was forced to give up that place to his rival, Somerset, and accept the government of Ireland instead; from which latter country he did not return till 1450, more than three years after the death of Cardinal Beaufort.

216. *tickle*:—So in Spenser's fragment, *Of Mutabilitie,* vii. 22:—

"O weake life! that does leane
On thing so *tickle* as th' unsteady Ayre,
Which every howre is chang'd, and altred cleane
With every blast that bloweth fowle or faire."

234, 235. *the fatal brand . . . Calydon*:—According to Ovid, the life of Meleager, Prince of Calydon, was made to depend on a certain firebrand; which being thrown into the fire by his mother Althea, he expired in great torments.

Scene II.

[*Duchess.*] This Duchess of Gloucester was Eleanor, daughter to Reginald Lord Cobham. The duke had formerly lived on such terms with Jacqueline of Bavaria, that she was commonly supposed to be his wife; but, as she already had a husband, John Duke of Brabant, from whose claim she could not get a legal release, her union with Gloucester was necessarily broken off. Meanwhile, the duke had been openly living with Eleanor Cobham as his mistress, insomuch that in 1423 the principal matrons of London went to the House of Lords with a petition against him for having neglected his lawful wife.

Scene III.

51 *et seq.* In the Quarto this passage reads thus:—

> "I tell thee, Poole, when thou didst run at tilt,
> And stol'st away our ladies' hearts in France,
> I thought King Henry had been like to thee,
> Or else thou hadst not brought me out of France."

As Marlowe has been thought to have written this play as printed in the Quarto, it seems but fair to quote a similar passage from his *Edward II.*:—

> "Tell Isabel, the queen, I look'd not thus,
> When for her sake *I ran at tilt in France,*
> And there unhors'd the Duke of Cleremont."

133-135. *Thy cruelty,* etc.:—The groundwork of these charges on the duke is thus stated in Holinshed: "The queene, a ladie of great wit, and no lesse courage, desirous of honour, and furnished with the gifts of reason, policie, and wisdome, disdaining that hir husband should be ruled rather than rule, first of all excluded the Duke of Glocester from all rule and governance

not prohibiting such as she knew to be his mortal foes to invent and imagine causes and greefs against him and his, insomuch that diverse noblemen conspired against him. Diverse articles were laid against him in open councell, and especiallie one—That he had caused men, adjudged to die, to be put to other execution than the law of the land assigned."

143. *ten commandments*:—This appears to have been a popular phrase for *the ten fingers*. So in *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, 1594: "I would set a tap abroach and not live in fear of my wife's *ten commandments*." Again, in *Westward Hoe*, 1607: "Your harpy has set his *ten commandments* on my back." And in Udal's version of Erasmus's *Apothegms*: "When Xantippe had pulled awaye her husbandes cope from his backe, even in the open streete, and his familiar compaignons gave him a by warning to avenge suche a naughtie touche or pranke with his *tenne commandments*."

166-173. *I'll tell thee*, etc.:—The issue of this deadly feud between York and Somerset is thus related by Holinshed: "But the Duke of Summerset, still maligning the Duke of Yorkes advancement, as he had sought to hinder his dispatch at the first when he was sent over to the regent, likewise now wrought so, that the King revoked the grant made to the Duke of Yorke for enjoieng of that office the terme of other five yeeres, and with helpe of William Marquesse of Suffolke obteined that grant for himselfe. Which malicious deling the Duke of Yorke might so evill beare, that in the end the heate of displeasure burst out into such a flame, as consumed at length not onelie both those two noble personages, but also manie thousands of others."

191. *By these ten bones*:—We have just heard a duchess threaten to set her *ten commandments* in the face of a queen. We have here again a similar vulgar expression. It is, however, a very ancient popular adjuration, and may be found in many old dramatic pieces. So in *Jacke Jugler*:—

> *Jack.* Ye, mary, I tell thee Careawaye is my name.
> *Car.* And *by these tenne bones* myne is the same.

Scene IV.

30. It was believed that spirits raised by incantations remained above ground and answered questions with reluctance.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

97-129. *How long hast thou been blind?* etc.:—This passage between Gloucester and Simpcox is founded on a story told by Sir Thomas More, substantially as follows: One time, as King Henry VI. rode in progress, there came to the town of Saint Alban's a certain beggar, with his wife, and there was walking about the town, begging, saying that he was born blind, and was warned in a dream that he should come out of Berwick, where he had ever dwelt, to seek Saint Alban. When the King was come, and the town full of people, suddenly this blind man, at Saint Alban's shrine, had his sight; and the same was solemnly rung for a miracle, so that nothing else was talked of in all the town. It so happened that Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, a man no less wise than well-learned, called the poor man to him, and looked well upon his eyes, and asked whether he could never see anything in all his life before. When both himself and his wife affirmed fastly "no," then he looked advisedly upon his eyes again, and said, "I believe you say well, for methinketh ye cannot see well yet." "Yes, sir," quoth he; "I thank God and his holy martyr, I can see now as well as any man." "Ye can?" quoth the duke; "what colour is this gown?" Then anon the beggar told him. "What colour," quoth he, "is this man's gown?" He told him this also, without staying or stumbling, and so of all the colours that could be showed him. And when the duke saw that, he had him set openly in the stocks.

Scene II.

[*York.*] Herford says: "Margaret's chief opponent in the Second Part, the Duke of York, also has assigned to him a somewhat more commanding role than in the chronicle. Till near the close he plays a waiting game; but he plays it with more far-reaching and more unscrupulous policy than his historic prototype. Holinshed's York watches the two great obstacles in his path, Gloucester and Suffolk, successively ruined without his stir; the dramatic York is not prevented by Gloucester's warm advocacy of his claims to the French regency from actively 'levelling at his life.' Holinshed attributes Cade's revolt to incitements of 'those that favoured

the Duke of York.' In the play it is York himself who conceives the plan of stirring up in England this 'black storm.' At the very moment when he finally threw off hisdisguise and claimed the crown, the York of Holinshed and history was all but checkmated by a resolute move of the party in power. Rashly disbanding his troops on the King's compliance with his demand for Somerset's arrest, he was himself arrested and sent to the Tower; and his fate hung in the balance when the news of Edward's armed advance caused his sudden release. The York of the drama suffers a briefer anxiety. His arrest is no sooner proposed than Richard and Edward rush in to bail him, and his 'two brave bears,' Warwick and Salisbury, compel the appeal to arms which issues in the victory of Saint Albans."

Scene III.

11-13. This sentence fell upon the duchess in November, 1441. Holinshed gives the following account of the matter: "This yeare dame Eleanor Cobham, wife to the said duke, was accused of treason; for that she by sorcerie and enchantment intended to destroie the King, to the intent to advance hir husband unto the crowne. Upon this she was examined in saint Stephans chappell before the Bishop of Canterburie, and there convict and judged to doo penance in three open places within the citie of London; and after that to perpetuall imprisonment in the Ile of Man, under the keeping of sir John Stanlie knight." As this crime and punishment of the duchess had much to do in bringing about her husband's fall, there was good dramatic reason for setting it in close connection with the latter event, though in fact the two were over five years apart.

95. *I confess treason*:—This odd affair of Peter and Horner is founded on an incident told by Holinshed. It will be seen that the dramatist innovated upon the story, in making Horner "confess treason." "In the same yeare also," (1446) "a certaine armourer was appeached of treason by a servant of his owne. For proofe whereof a daie was given them to fight in Smithfield, insomuch that in conflict the said armourer was overcome and slaine; but yet by misgoverning of himselfe. For on the morrow, when he should come to the field fresh and fasting, his neighbours came to him, and gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith distempered, and reeled as he went, and so was slaine without guilt. As for the false servant, he lived

not long unpunished; for being convict of felonie in court of assise, he was judged to be hanged, and so was, at Tiburne."

Scene IV.

27-57. The thirty-one lines of this speech are an expansion, but scarcely an improvement, as comparison will show, of twenty-three in the Quarto.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

[*Queen . . . Suffolk.*] In this Act the criminal passion of Margaret and Suffolk blossoms and goes to seed, setting Suffolk near the throne, and thereby at once feeding his pride and chafing the pride of his enemies; while the losses in France, before represented, are ever and anon recurring as matter of continual twittings and jerks, the rust of former miscarriages thus at the same time keeping the old wounds from healing, and causing the new ones to fester and rankle. As the amiable imbecility of the King invites and smooths the way for the arrogance and overweening of the Queen and her favourites, this naturally sets the aspiring and far-reaching York upon the policy of hewing away one after another the main supports of the rival house, that so at last he may heave it to the ground, and out of its ruins build up his own. "The character of the King," says Ulrici, "which had become effeminate and unmanly, required, as an organic contrast, a woman who had become masculine and depraved in character. For Henry's disgrace as a deceived husband was the consequence of his own fault in having allowed himself, with the disposition he possessed, to be persuaded to take such a wife. This his first and only active sin—all his later sins are but errors of omission—had accordingly to be more prominently brought forward in order to show how even the smallest germ of evil shoots up like rank weeds and becomes incalculable in the mischief it produces. The Queen reigns in the King's place, and turns bad into its very worst. He, thrust back by her love of dominion, sinks more and more into the mere semblance of a king; even the open infidelity of his wife no longer rouses him, and thus his peaceful, pious, humble nature—otherwise worthy of the highest praise—acquires

more and more the appearance of the most sinful weakness of character and want of energy. Accordingly, in Henry's relation to Margaret, we again have, in a new modification, the reflection of the fundamental idea of this Second Part."

83. *What news from France?*—Here, again, the dramatist anticipates. The parliament at Bury was opened February 10, 1447. On the 28th of the same month Gloucester was found dead. Somerset's return from France was not till September, 1450; in fact, he did not enter upon the regency till after this Parliament.

189 *et seq.* This was most likely suggested by the following from Holinshed: "Ofttimes it hapneth that a man, in quenching of smoke, burneth his fingers in the fire: so the Queene, in casting how to keepe hir husband in honour, and hirselfe in authoritie, in making awaie of this noble man brought that to passe which she had most cause to have feared; which was the deposing of hir husband, and the decaie of the house of Lancaster, which of likelihood had not chanced, if this duke had lived."

245. *'Tis York,* etc.:—York had more reason for desiring Humphrey's death, because he stood between him and the crown, which he had proposed to himself in his ambitious views. Thus in the closing lines of this Scene he says:—

> "For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
> And Henry put apart, the next for me."

355-359. *for a minister,* etc.:—There is no proof that York was any way privy to the insurrection of Cade, save that it fell out very opportunely for his purpose, and those engaged in it were generally favourable to his claim: for which cause he was naturally suspected to have set it on foot; and that suspicion, ripened into belief, was no doubt handed down to the dramatist's time in the bundle of "Lancastrian prejudices." This speech of York's, however, makes a capital point in the drama, as it represents him to have been the conscious designer, as in fact he was to a great extent the real occasion of the following events; and it was plainly more dramatic to set him forth as the maker of circumstances than as merely the user of them. In the Quarto this speech has but twenty-five lines, which are here rather consolidated than expanded into fifty-three.

365. *a wild Morisco*:—A dancer in a morris-dance, originally, perhaps, meant to imitate a Moorish dance, and thence named. The bells sufficiently indicate that the English morris-dancer is intended. It appears from Blount's *Glossography,* and some of

our old writers, that the dance itself was called a *morisco*. Florio, in the first edition of his *Italian Dictionary*, defines "Moresca, a kind of morice or antique dance, after the *Moorish* or Ethiopian fashion."

Scene II.

14. *Away! be gone*:—The common belief of the people, and the no less common report of the chroniclers was, that the Duke of Gloucester was murdered, by procurement of the Queen, Suffolk, and Somerset: which would doubtless have justified the dramatist's representation, even if he had known the truth to be otherwise; for the very fact of such a belief proves, in some sort, that the thing believed was consonant to the spirit of the time. The strongest argument in the question is derived from Whethamstede, Abbot of Saint Alban's, and is strongly stated by Lingard, thus: "That writer, who had received many benefits from the duke, was much attached to his memory, which he vindicates on all occasions, and equally prejudiced against his enemies, whom he calls *canes, scorpiones, impii susurrones*. And yet, though he wrote when the royal party was humbled in the dust, and he had of course nothing to fear from their resentment, he repeatedly asserts that the duke fell ill immediately after his arrest, and died of his illness." The duke was arrested on the second day of the Parliament at Bury, and seventeen days after was found dead in his bed. Holinshed gives him the noblest character.

83. *awkward wind*:—The same uncommon epithet is applied to the wind by Marlowe in his *Edward II.*: "With *awkward winds*, and with sore tempests driven." And by Drayton, Epistle from *Richard II. to Queen Isabell*:—

> "And undertook to travaile dangerous waies,
> Driven by *awkward winds* and boisterous seas."

161. *Ghost* was often used thus for *corpse* by the old writers. In a later passage of the original play the word *ghost* is again used as in the present instance. Young Clifford, addressing himself to his father's dead body, says:—

> "A dismal sight! see where he breathless lies,
> All smear'd and welter'd in his lukewarm blood!
> Sweet father, to thy *murder'd ghost* I swear."

207. *The world*, etc.:—The storm of the commons against Suffolk did not burst forth till January, 1450, and was immediately

occasioned by the disasters in France under Somerset's regency. As usual in such cases, many terrible crimes were charged upon Suffolk, but none of them were proved; and he fell at last by violence, not by law. Holinshed has the following account of his fall: "The Queene, which intirely loved the duke, doubting some commotion and trouble to arise, if he were let go unpunished, caused him for a colour to be committed to the Tower; where he remained not past a moneth, but was againe delivered and restored to the Kings favour, as much as ever he was before. This dooing so much displeased the people, that if politike provision had not beene, great mischeefe had immediately insued. When the King perceived that there was no remedy to appease the peoples furie by anie colourable waies, shortlie to pacifie so long an hatred he banished the Duke of Suffolke for tearme of five yeares, meaning by this exile to appease the malice of the people for the time, and after to revoke him home againe."

310. The old superstition touching the *mandrake* is thus exposed by Sir Thomas Browne in his *Vulgar and Common Errors*, ii. 6: "The third affirmeth the roots of mandrakes do make a noise, or give a shriek, upon eradication; which is indeed ridiculous, and false below confute; arising, perhaps, from a small and stridulous noise, which, being firmly rooted, it maketh upon divulsion of parts. The last concerneth the danger ensuing; that there follows an hazard of life to them that pull it up; that some evil fate pursues them, and they live not long after."

333. *You bade me ban*:—This inconsistency is very common in real life. Those who are vexed to impatience, are angry to see others less disturbed than themselves; but when others begin to rave, they immediately see in them what they could not find in themselves, the deformity and folly of useless rage.

375. *whispers to his pillow*:—So in *Macbeth*, V. i.: "Infected minds to their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets." The passage stands thus in the Quarto:—

> "Sometimes he calls upon Duke Humphrey's ghost,
> And whispers to his pillow as to him."

The Cardinal died at his palace of Wolvesey, April 11, 1447, which was six weeks after the death of Gloucester. He was eighty years of age. The chroniclers give him a very bad character, but it is remarkable that they do not specify facts to bear out their charges. Lingard vindicates him: "That he expired in the agonies of despair, is a fiction which we owe to the imagination of Shake-

speare: from an eye-witness we learn that during a lingering illness he devoted most of his time to religious exercises. According to the provisions of his will, his wealth was chiefly distributed in charitable donations."

381 *et seq.* "Why do I lament a circumstance of which the impression will pass away in an hour; while I neglect to think on the loss of Suffolk, my affection for whom no time will efface?"

Scene III.

1-4. This scene was evidenly founded, in part, on a passage in Hall: "Doctor John Baker, his privy counsellor and his chaplain, wrote that he, lying on his death bed, said these words: 'Why should I die, having so many riches? If the whole realm would save my life, I am able either by policy to get it, or by riches to buy it. Fie! will not death be hired, nor will money do nothing? When my nephew of Bedford died, I thought myself half up the wheel; but when I saw my other nephew of Gloucester deceased, I thought myself able to be equal with kings, and so thought to increase my treasure in hope to have worn a triple crown. But I see now the world faileth me, and so I am deceived; praying you all to pray for me!'" Lingard discredits this story.

33. This Scene may be compared with the following from *The First Part of the Contention*, Scene xi.:—

Enter King and Salsbury, and then the curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinall is discovered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were madde.

Car. Oh death, if thou wilt let me live but one whole yeare,
Ile give thee as much gold as will purchase such another iland.
King. Oh see my Lord of Salsbury how he is troubled.
Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must save thy soule.
Car. Why died he not in his bed?
What would you have me to do then?
Can I make men live whether they will or no?
Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison which the Pothicary sent me.
Oh see where Duke Humphreys ghoast doth stand,
And stares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame downe his haire.
So now hees gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.

Sal. See how the panges of death doth gripe his heart.
King. Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of heavenly blisse,
Hold up thy hand and make some signe to us.
[*The Cardinall dies.*
Oh see he dies, and makes no signe at all.
Oh God forgive his soule.
Sal. So bad an ende did never none behold,
But as his death, so was his life in all.
King. Forbeare to iudge, good Salsbury forbeare,
For God will iudge us all.
Go take him hence, and see his funerals be performde.
[*Exet omnes.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

50-52. Suffolk's boast of his own blood was hardly warranted by his origin. On his mother's side he was distantly related to Henry VI., but not through the Lancastrian race. If the dramatist had known his pedigree, which was humble, he would not have failed to make some of his adversaries reproach him with it.

117. *Gelidus timor occupat artus*:—The source of this quotation has not been discovered. It may be a corruption of Virgil's "*Subitus tremor* occupat artus" (*Æn.*, vii. 446), or possibly a modification of Ovid, (*Met.*, iii. 40).

142. *his head and lifeless body*:—The fate of Suffolk is despatched in few words by the chroniclers. Thus Holinshed, following Hall: "But Gods justice would not that so ungracious a person should so escape: for when he shipped in Suffolke, intending to transport himselfe over into France, he was incountered with a ship of warre, appertaining to the Duke of Excester, constable of the Tower of London, called the Nicholas of the Tower. The capteine of that barke with small fight entered into the dukes ship, and, perceiving his person present, brought him to Dover road, and there on the one side of a cocke bote caused his head to be striken off, and left his bodie with the head lieng there on the sands. Which corps, being there found by a chapleine of his, was conveied to Wingfield college in Suffolke, and there buried." His death occurred in May, 1450.

Scene II.

34. *a cade of herrings*:—Tom Nash speaks of having weighed one of Gabriel Harvey's books against *a cade of herrings*, and ludicrously says, "That the rebel Jack Cade was the first that devised to put red herrings in *cades*, and from him they have their name." *Cade*, however, is derived from *cadus*, Latin, a cask. A *cade* was a cask for containing probably six hundred herring. Cade, with more learning than should naturally belong to his character, alludes to his name as from *cado*, to *fall*.

66. *three-hooped pot*, etc.:—These drinking vessels of our ancestors were of wood. Nash, in his *Pierce Pennilesse*, says: "I believe *hoopes* in quart pots were invented to that end, that every man should take his *hoope*, and no more."

72, 73. *there shall be no money*:—"To mend the world by banishing money," says Johnson, "is an old contrivance of those who did not consider that the quarrels and mischiefs which arise from money, as the signs or tickets of riches, must, if money were to cease, arise from riches themselves, and could never be at an end till every man were contented with his own share of the goods of life."

99. *on the top of letters*:—That is, on the top of Letters Missive and such like public acts. So in the old anonymous play of *King Henry V.*, the Archbishop of Bruges says: "I beseech your grace to deliver me your safe conduct, under your broad seal *Emanuel*." The king answers: "Deliver him safe conduct under our broad seal *Emanuel*."

Scene III.

12. [*brigandine.*] So Holinshed: "Jack Cade, upon his victorie against the Staffords, apparelled himselfe in sir Humfries brigandine, set full of gilt nailes, and so in some glorie returned againe toward London."

Scene IV.

28. *Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer*:—Knight observes that "the following curious entry is found in the Issue Roll, 29th Henry VI.: 'To *Alexander* EDEN, *Sheriff of Kent*, and to divers other persons of the same county. In money paid to them, viz., by the hands of *Gervase Clifton*, 100*l.*, and by *John Seynder*, 166*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, in part payment of 1000 *marks*, which the

Lord the King commanded to be paid to the *same Alexander* and others, as well for taking JOHN CADE, *an Irishman, calling himself John Mortymer*; a great rebel, enemy, and traitor to the King, as also for conducting the person of *John Cade* to the Council of the King, after proclamation thereof made in London, to be had of his gift for their pains in the matter aforesaid. By writ of privy seal amongst the mandates of this term (Easter), *266l. 13s. 4d.*'"

Scene VI.

[*Jack Cade and the rest.*] In Holinshed, Jack Cade and his followers do not appear at all as the crazy Calibans whom the dramatist depicts. The chief of their grievances, in fact, was that the King alienated the crown revenues and lived on the taxes; and, moreover, they complained of abuses of all sorts in the execution of the laws and the raising of revenue. The third article of their memorial stands in striking contrast to their action in the play; for it points out that nobles of royal blood (probably meaning York) are excluded from the King's "dailie presence," while he gives advancement to "other meane persons of lower nature," who close the King's ears to the complaints of the country, and distribute favours, not according to law, but for gifts and bribes. Moreover, they complain of interferences with freedom of election, and, in short, express themselves quite temperately and constitutionally. Finally, in more than one passage of the complaint, they give utterance to a thoroughly English and patriotic resentment of the loss of Normandy, Gascony, Aquitaine, Anjou, and Maine.

5, 6. *treason . . . Mortimer*:—Holinshed says: "He also put to execution in Southwarke diverse persons, some for breaking this ordinance, and other being his old acquaintance, lest they should bewray his base linage, disparaging him for his usurped name of Mortimer."

15. *set London bridge on fire*:—At that time London bridge was of wood, and the houses upon it were actually burnt in this rebellion. Hall says "he entered London, and cut the ropes of the drawbridge."

Scene VII.

23-49. A comparison of this speech as it is in the Quarto will show that it gained nothing in humour by the revisal: "Come

hither, thou Say, thou George [serge], thou buckram lord, what answer canst thou make unto my mightiness, for delivering up the towns in France to monsieur Bus-mine-cue, the dolphin of France? And, more than so, thou hast most traitorously erected a grammar-school, to infect the youth of the realm; and against the King's crown and dignity thou hast built up a paper-mill: nay, it will be said to thy face, that thou keep'st men in thy house that daily read of books with red letters, and talk of a noun and verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear is able to endure it. And, besides all this, thou hast appointed certain justices of the peace in every shire, to hang honest men that steal for their living; and because they could not read, thou hast hung them up, only for which cause they were most worthy to live."

107-115. The following is Holinshed's account of these doings: "After that, he entered into London, cut the ropes of the draw-bridge, and strooke his sword on London stone, saieng, 'Now is Mortimer lord of this citie.' And, after a glosing declaration made to the maior touching the cause of his thither comming, he departed againe into Southwarke, and upon the third daie of Julie he caused sir James Fines, Lord Saie, and treasurer of England, to be brought to the Guildhall, and there to be arreigned; who, being before the Kings justices put to answer, desired to be tried by his peeres, for the longer delaie of his life. The capteine, perceiving his dilatorie plee, by force tooke him from the officers, and brought him to the standard in Cheape, and there caused his head to be striken off, and pitched it upon an high pole, which was openlie borne before him through the streets. And, not content herewith, he went to Mile-end, and there apprehended sir James Cromer, then sheriffe of Kent, and sonne-in-law to the said Lord Saie, causing him likewise to be beheaded, and his head to be fixed on a pole. And with these two heads this bloudie wretch entred into the citie againe, and as it were in spite caused them in everie street to kisse together, to the great detestation of all the beholders."

Scene IX.

26. *gallowglasses . . . kernes*:—"The *Galloglasse*," as stated in Stanihurst's *Description of Ireland*, "useth a kind of pollax for his weapon. These men are grim of countenance, tall of stature, big of limme, lusty of body, wel and strongly timbered.

The *kerne* is an ordinary foot-soldier, using for weapon his sword and target, and sometimes his piece, being commonly good marksmen."

Scene X.

90. The dramatist in this passage has wandered from the line of historical fact, with a view, no doubt, to relieve his scenes of strife and hatred with a passage of rural quiet and unambitious comfort. Iden had in fact just been appointed sheriff of Kent, and was in pursuit of Cade, having left home for that very purpose. The matter, however, is thus given by Holinshed: "A gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Eden, awaited so his time, that he tooke the said Cade in a garden in Sussex; so that there he was slain at Hothfield, and brought to London in a cart, where he was quartered, his head set on London bridge, and his quarters sent to diverse places to be set up in the shire of Kent." Cade's flight occurred on the 9th of July, 1450, and his death but two days after.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

41. York's arrival from Ireland was in September, a few weeks after Cade's death. Proceeding to London with a retinue of four thousand men, he wrung from the King a promise that he would call a Parliament, and then retired to one of his castles. Upon the return of Somerset from France a few days later, the old enmity between them revived with greater fierceness than ever. The next year York withdrew into Wales, and there gathered an army of ten thousand men; and when the King went against him with a much larger force, he turned aside and passed on into Kent, and encamped himself near Dartford. From thence he sent word to the King that his coming was but to remove certain evil counsellors, especially Somerset, and promising to dissolve his army, if that nobleman were committed to prison, and held to answer in open Parliament whatever charges might be laid against him. The issue of the negotiation thereupon is thus stated by Holinshed: "After all this adoo, it was agreed upon by advise, for the avoiding of bloudshed, and pacifieng of the duke and his people, that the Duke of Summerset was committed to ward, as some

say, or else commanded to keepe himselfe privie in his owne house for a time."

122. [*Enter Edward and Richard.*] At this time, 1455, Edward, York's oldest son, was but ten years old. However, Holinshed relates, that "whilest the councell treated of saving or despatching the Duke of Yorke, a rumour sprang through London, that Edward Earle of March, sonne and heire-apparent to the said duke, with a great armie of Marchmen was comming toward London; which tidings sore appalled the Queene and the whole councell." The issue of this trouble was, that "the councell set the Duke of Yorke at libertie, and permitted him to go to his castell of Wigmore, in the marches of Wales, by whose absence the Duke of Summerset rose in such high favour, both with the King and Queene, that his voice onelie ruled, and his voice alone was heard."

131. *Bedlam*:—This "hospitall for distracted people," was founded, according to Stowe, by Simon Fitz-Mary, one of the sheritts of London, in the year 1246. It was called "The Hospital of St. Mary of *Bethlehem*"; which latter term was corrupted into *Bedlam*. In this part of the Scene, the dramatist, in order to come at once upon the battle of Saint Alban's, overleaps a period of three years, from March, 1452, to the spring of 1455, during which time the Queen gave birth to a son, who was named Edward, and, the King having fallen into a state of bodily and mental imbecility, York regained the ascendancy and became protector, and Somerset was committed to the Tower, but, upon the King's recovery not long after, was released; whereupon York withdrew into Wales, and gathered the army which fought on his side in the ensuing battle.

134, 135. *let him to the Tower*, etc.:—It was Somerset, not Clifford, that gave this advice.

157, 158. *Hence, heap of wrath*, etc.:—In the stage direction of the Quarto we have, "Enter the Duke of York's sons, Edward the Earl of March and *crook-back Richard*, at the one door, with Drum and Soldiers." The dramatist here anticipates by many years; for as York's oldest son was at this time but thirteen, and as there were two others, Edmund and George, between him and Richard, of course the latter could have had no part in these transactions. A similar anticipation touching Prince Henry occurs near the close of *Richard II.* "This thing," says Hudson, "is so in keeping with Shakespeare's method of art, that it may go far towards inferring his authorship of the original play."

Scene II.

28. [*Clifford falls.*] The author, in making Clifford fall by the hand of York, has departed from the truth of history. This circumstance, however, serves to prepare the reader or spectator for the vengeance afterwards taken by Clifford's son on York and Rutland. At the beginning of Part III. the dramatist represents Clifford's death as it really happened:—

> "Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,
> Charged our main battle's front, and breaking in
> Were by the swords of common soldiers slain."

69. *Hath made the wizard famous*:—Referring to the prediction of the Spirit in I. iv. 37-39, Holinshed says: "There died under the signe of the castell, Edmund Duke of Summerset, who, as hath been reported, was warned long before to avoid all castels." This Edmund was brother to John Beaufort, the Somerset of the preceding play, and succeeded to the title at his death in 1432. He was the King's nearest surviving relative, being grandson to John of Ghent, and, after the fall of Suffolk, was looked to and trusted by his royal kinsman as a counterpoise to the ambition of York. He left three sons, Henry, Edmund, and John, who, says the chronicler, "to the extremitie of death tooke part with the line of King Henrie."

Scene III.

9. *Three times bestrid him*:—That is, three times I saw him fallen, and striding over him defended him till he recovered. This act of friendship Shakespeare has frequently mentioned.

Questions on 2 Henry VI.

ACT FIRST.

1. At the opening of the play, what commission does Suffolk surrender as completed?

2. How does this episode resemble that of Guinevere and Lancelot? How is the parallel more strongly suggested in a speech of Margaret in a subsequent scene?

3. What were the formal conditions of Margaret's marriage? How did these terms affect the nobles? Was their apparent cause for disaffection more than a subterfuge?

4. What was York's special grievance, and what purposes for the future does he form?

5. What was Gloucester's dream as told by him in Sc. ii.? What does it foreshadow?

6. What did the Duchess Eleanor dream? How is it shown that her dream has no vital relation to forthcoming events?

7. Why is the mystery of Eleanor's machination so soon uncovered?

8. What is effected by the first two speeches of Sc. iii.?

9. Show how far-reaching was the effect of Peter's petition. Compare this dramatic expedient with one in a later play—*Much Ado About Nothing*—where an apparently irrelevant act of the stupid lower classes has an important bearing upon the lives of the people of the upper world. Suggest the implication here contained.

10. Account for the feelings back of Queen Margaret's speech beginning line 43.

11. What is foreshadowed in Warwick's speech, line 113?

12. How does Gloucester decide the dispute as to the regency? What does it portend to himself?

13. Explain the prophecies of the Spirit in Sc. iv.

ACT SECOND.

14. What things are done in the King's presence in Sc. i.?

15. How does he comment on hawking; on the barons' quarrel; on the sight of the impostor Simpcox and his detection by Gloucester?

16. What manner of mind does the King display here?

17. How does Simpcox's wife show herself and her husband to be impostors before Gloucester undertakes to unmask them?

18. What is the purpose of this episode as it relates to the King? As it relates to Gloucester?

19. If, as concerns Gloucester, the dramatist's purpose is to point the irony of the situation—that is, the triumph over Simpcox, the sarcastic applause of the peers, and the news of Duchess Eleanor's arrest—are not the elements of the situation rather incongruous, partaking on the one hand of farce and on the other of tragedy?

20. What historical blunders does Sc. ii. contain? What is the assumption contained in York's reply (line 64) *We thank you, lords*?

21. Why does Margaret taunt Gloucester after he is deprived of his office?

22. What was decided according to ancient custom by the trial by combat? To what classes of society was this custom relegated?

23. What penance was imposed upon Eleanor? Why does she long for her prison? Why does she end her dramatic life at this point?

24. Compare her character with that of Margaret. Wherein were there resemblances? Which was the stronger individuality?

25. Does either of the women accomplish on the other the revenge that she threatens?

ACT THIRD.

26. What actuates Margaret to her denunciation of Gloucester?

27. Did Henry fear or love him?

28. Upon what plea does Henry leave the Parliament after the arrest of Gloucester?

29. Show the reasons why each of the enemies of Gloucester desires his death. Who assumes the office of executioner?

30. What motives had the council for sending York into Ireland?

31. How are his own purposes served by this act?

32. How is John Cade introduced? How does York describe his personal qualities? What chance resemblance is made use of?

33. What dramatic effect is secured by informing the spectators of Gloucester's death before Suffolk comes in to inform the King?

34. Whom does Henry suspect of being the murderer? Why does Margaret try to turn the King's mind to herself by imputing to him neglect?

35. Indicate the dramatic purpose of the scene of inquisition over the dead body of Gloucester.

36. To what does the clamour of the commons urge the King? Was Henry's oath deliberate, or the resort of a distracted weakling?

37. What motive holds him to his decree banishing Suffolk?

38. Which are the more terrible, the imprecations of Suffolk, or those of the Queen?

39. The love-passages between Suffolk, though unhistorical, yet seem dramatically warranted as a completion of the Queen's character. Comment upon this.

40. Comment on the Queen's speech in Sc. ii. beginning line 9. Does she show traces of a conscience?

41. What is the purpose in exhibiting the death of the cardinal?

42. What has been effected dramatically by the long quarrel, begun in Part I., between Gloucester and the Cardinal?

43. Does the end of Act III. mark the climax of the trilogy?

ACT FOURTH.

44. Do you judge that Shakespeare wrote Sc. i.? Comment upon the undramatic character of the Captain's speeches. Compare them with the speeches of the Captain in *Twelfth Night.*

45. Remark upon the following aspects of the Cade scenes in this Act: the logic of mobs; their humour; the mutual distrust of their members; their servile aping of the aristocracy; their suspicion of all the attributes of culture; their cruelty and brutality.

46. How did the King propose to deal with the insurrectionists?

47. How are some of the historic facts of the Wat Tyler rebellion mingled with this later uprising?

48. Is it possible to deduce from these scenes somewhat of Shakespeare's political beliefs? What would he think of universal suffrage?

49. What quality does Cade show in line 107 of Sc. vii.?

50. What fundamental characteristic of mobs does Sc. viii. exhibit?

51. How are the arrested multitude treated by the King? What premonition does this afford of his attitude towards the impending greater menace of York?

52. How is Cade finally subdued? Does Shakespeare allow him any traits that enlist the sympathies?

53. Considering *2 Henry VI.* as a unit, how does Act IV. contribute to the resolution?

ACT FIFTH.

54. With what pretext does York appear with his armed force? What leads him to declare his real purposes?

55. How does young Richard Plantagenet declare himself in Sc. i.? What does he afterwards become?

56. Who go over to the cause of York?

57. What is the result of the battle of Saint Alban's as concerns the cause of York?

58. To what action is Henry stirred?

For general questions see end of *3 Henry VI.*